

ALMOST everybody likes good chops. There's something about a nice, tender lamb chop, for instance, that appeals to the delight of the appetite. We carry choice chops of all sorts—the best you can get anywhere. Our prices are a part of the inducement to buy.

F. H. Milks

Milk's Market

Phone No. 2

Skates! Skates! Skates!

Now is the time to buy the boys and girls Skates for Xmas. We have just received a large quantity of Skates which we will sell at prices never heard of before.

Hockey Skates, formerly sold at \$2, now on sale at .85c pr.
Ladies' Clamp Toe, were \$1.35, now selling at .80c pr.
Ladies' Heel and Toe Strap, were \$1, now selling at .50c pr.
Boys' and Men's Clamp, were 75c, now on sale at .45c pr.

Take advantage of these prices as they will not last long.

A. Kraus Est.

Phone No. 1222. Hardware, Stoves, Builders' Supplies, Paints and Oils, Plumbing and Heating, Tin Shop in Connection

SPECIAL for Saturday Only

Will be continued again this week
With every order of \$3 or more we will give

18 Lbs. of the highest grade \$1.00
Granulated Sugar for

Our grocery line is complete. Come and see for yourself

We will have a full line of

Lettuce, per pound	18c
Malaga Grapes, per pound	16c
Catawba Grapes, per basket	20c
Grape Fruit, fancy, 3 for	25c
Oranges in all sizes, per dozen	25c to 50c

Our Sale on Rubbers and Shoes

Will continue until all are sold out. Now is a good time to stock up.

H. PETERSEN,

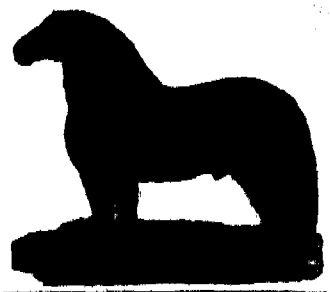
Your Grocer.

LIVERY & SALES STABLES

Prompt livery service ready at any time. Also heavy work.

Farms and farm lands and village property for sale.

N. P. OLSON Grayling
Langevin's Old Stand.



School Notes.

Thanksgiving songs and poems have been learned in the different rooms.

The Juniors contemplate giving an entertainment about the middle of December.

We are planning upon having a game of basket ball with the Frederic high school soon.

The school boys and girls are enjoying a short vacation because of the "war against turkey."

The school will lend a little assist-

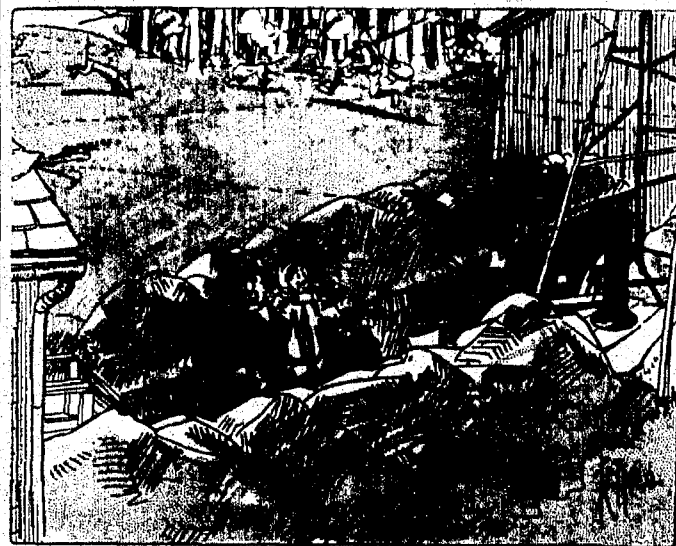
PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR.

Tuberculosis Day Sunday, November 29th.

We often speak of inalienable rights, among which are "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Liberty and happiness will follow if we put the emphasis on life. For centuries man has sought happiness and ignored the essentials of life, attributing to Providence, physical suffering and death. Why not attribute physical vigor and the joy of good health to Providence?

The ravages of the "White Plague" are appalling. Hardly a family in

SAFETY FIRST



(Copyright.)

ance to the Farmers' Institute next week by furnishing some vocal music.

The South side sand table now boasts of an Indian and Pilgrim settlement.

Members of the ninth grade English class have written some good original Thanksgiving stories.

The South side children enjoyed their party and all went home happy and full of pumpkin pie.

Emerson and Mildred Bates have returned to school after a week's absence because of sickness.

We have a good capable girl in the high school who wants a place to work for her board while attending school.

The children of the South side primary are taking home booklets of the Thanksgiving story with illustrations.

The first grade have represented the story of the first Thanksgiving very beautifully by means of paper cutting.

We are indebted to Mr. Schumann for providing the high school reading table with a copy of the Avalanche each week.

The boys of the Athletic association have been circulating a paper in an effort to raise funds for paying our association indebtedness and also for the purpose of purchasing a basket ball and some suits. They have been fairly successful but have not yet finished their canvass.

Pasturize Your Milk.

Dr. E. C. Schroeder of the bureau of animal industry, Department of Agriculture, gives the following advice to users of milk, during the present epidemic of foot and mouth disease:

"Place the bottle of milk, unopened, in a vessel containing cold water, which should extend at least two-thirds of the way up the sides of the bottle. The bottles should be placed on something that will raise them off the bottom of the vessel. Place the vessel on the fire and bring the temperature of the water gradually up to about 155 degrees. The temperature should not go above 160 degrees nor below 145. Maintain the temperature at about 155 degrees for twenty minutes, without removing the caps from the bottles. Remove the vessel from the fire and allow the milk in the bottles to cool slowly, the bottles still being kept capped.

"This method of pasturization will render milk wholly safe for use, will destroy the organisms of all diseases and will not change the flavor or palatability of the milk or cream. Microscopic examinations of milk so pasturized show that the bacilli of tuberculosis, typhoid fever, scarlet fever and other diseases are killed, and this is true likewise of all other disease organisms."

Settlement Notice.

By reason of business reverses the grocery store of R. W. Brink is closed temporarily, at least. All accounts due Mr. Brink are made payable to the undersigned at his office, and it is hoped payments will be promptly made, so that an entire settlement may be effected without costs in any case.

11-12-3

O. PALMER, Trustee.

Michigan, hardly a family in the United States that has not suffered directly or indirectly from this plague.

Cleanliness in birth, cleanliness in the use of air, water, food, clothing shelter, work, thought and purpose make for good health.

Teach and train all of the people to think less of physical sins; teach and train all of the people to think more and know more of the laws of health. The industrial world is fast coming to appreciate the tremendous value of all sanitary agencies. The right of an industry to exist rests on the necessity of conserving life, rests on the necessity of enriching life physically, mentally and morally. Physical righteousness exalteth a nation.

Therefore, I, Woodbridge N. Ferris, Governor of the State of Michigan, urge the observance of Sunday November the 29th, as Tuberculosis Day.

WOODBRIDGE N. FERRIS, Governor.

Frederic School Notes.

(Too late for last week.)

Owing to an infectious sore throat which is prevalent throughout the village, Health Officer Leighton ordered that school be suspended for a short time and the school house be disinfected. Of course there are the knuckers to this proposition the same as to others. Come on Mr. Knucker, "Sell your hammer and buy a horn". You know that it is the wise thing to do in such a case.

The High School won their opening game of basket ball which was played in the town hall against the fast city "Eds", the final score being 9 to 18. The town boys say that they are going to practice and come back at us. Come on boys, we are going to practice too.

A few days ago little Maggie Jendron had her hand quite badly jammed when the wind blew the heavy door at the entrance shut on her fingers. Another accident of this kind will not happen as we now have a check placed on the door that allows it to close only very slowly.

The first number of the lecture course which is booked with the Athletic association will be presented about December 15th. This will be a high class musical number and the people of Frederic are going to have an opportunity to see something that is worth while through the whole course.

Jessie Reynolds is still confined to her home with the sore throat.

George Gardner returned from near Roscommon Friday where he has been with his father on a hunting trip. George says the deer were rather scarce, but reports that he had a fine time.

"Oh dear what can the matter be?" Why don't parents visit the school and inspect the excuse cards and the registers. We think if they would that they might perhaps see how hideous it looks to see ever day or so an A after their boys name and the only excuse that the boy or the parent has is that "he was hunting." Sounds fine doesn't it? We might add that several boys were absent either 4 or 5 days a week on the grounds stated above.

Notice will be posted in the post office to announce the opening of school. Be on deck when the last bell rings on that morning for you will not be able to miss any more days and make your grade this semester.

MOVIES WILL SHOW TUBERCULOSIS PREVENTION.

Red Cross Seal Sale to be Aided by Motion Picture on Tuberculosis in Children.

As an aid in the Red Cross Christmas Seal sale and the Anti-Tuberculosis Campaign, a motion picture dealing with the problem of tuberculosis in children has been prepared by Thomas A. Edison, and beginning next week it will be shown throughout the country. The film was produced in co-operation with the National Association for the study and prevention of tuberculosis.

The plot of the picture, which is entitled "The Temple of Moloch," is laid in a small village, the chief industries of which are some potteries owned by Harrison Pratt. He also owns a group of dilapidated tenements, in which most of his employees live. Dr. Jordan, health officer of the village, is struck with the prevalence of tuberculosis and on investigation finds that the unsanitary working conditions in the Pratt potteries, together with the unhealthy state of the tenement homes of the workmen have most to do with the spread of the disease. He calls the matter to the attention of Pratt, who rebuffs him and tells him it is no use to try to do anything in the matter.

Meanwhile, Dr. Jordan has fallen in love with Eloise, the daughter of Harrison Pratt, and she has become interested in his work, particularly that at the preventorium for children from tuberculous families. Three times Jordan appeals to Pratt, and each time he is rebuffed. Finally, in despair between his love for Eloise and his duty, he exposes the conditions he has discovered through articles in the newspapers, in which he calls the Pratt potteries and tenements a modern "Temple of Moloch," in that they feed young children to the God of Greed. When Eloise, who is ignorant of conditions in the factory, sees the paper she immediately resents what she considers an insult to her father and returns her engagement ring to Dr. Jordan.

A week later Pratt's daughter and son are found to have tuberculosis. When Eric Swanson, a former employee of Pratt's, who had been discharged because he had contracted "potter's rot" in the mills and was no longer able to work, hears of it, he exults over the calamity, which he views as a sort of personal vengeance. He musters all of his strength and steals away to the Pratt home, where Eloise and her brother are taking the cure for tuberculosis on the porch and there denounces Pratt, gloating over him and telling him that his son and daughter were originally infected as young children by Cora Swanson, when she served as nurse-girl for the Pratt's several years ago. So struck is Pratt by this denunciation and the graphic story of Swanson, which is affirmed by Dr. Jordan, that he decides to clean up conditions in his potteries and tenements at once.

The story ends with a Christmas scene, in which the engagement ring is returned to the hand of Eloise, and Dr. Jordan receives as a present a liberal check for the employment of visiting nurses, the establishment of open air schools and other anti-tuberculosis agencies in the town.

Plans for Opening the Panama Canal.

Plans for the formal opening of the Panama canal are about completed. Lieut. Commander Needham L. Jones, naval aid to the President, has announced the program so far as the President's part therein is concerned. Twenty-seven foreign and seventeen United States battle ships will participate. The ships will assemble at Hampton roads between February 10 and 15. The officers of the fleet will come to Washington and, on February 20, will be present at the White House when the President presides the button which will open the exposition. On the 22nd the President will go to Hampton roads to review the ships as they sail for the eastern entrance to the canal. On March 5th the President will sail on the U. S. S. New York, for Colon. The New York will be conveyed by her sister ship, the Texas. These vessels are due to arrive in Colon on March 10th, when the President will board the Oregon and sail through the canal. The President will stop in Santiago on the way and arrive in San Francisco on the 24th, where he will remain for four days, returning to Washington by rail in a private car. The President will be accompanied by the Secretary of the Navy and his naval aid.

The Youth's Companion Calendar for 1915.

The publishers of The Youth's Companion will, as always at this season, present to every subscriber whose subscription is paid for 1915, a calendar for the new year. It is a gem of calendar-making. The decorative mounting is rich, but the main purpose has been to produce a calendar that is useful, and that purpose has been achieved.

Avalanche want ads pay.

SPECIAL

FOR

Friday and Saturday

Owing to the backward season we will sell on the above days Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats, Suits and Skirts at

25 Per Cent Off

the regular selling prices. This is for cash only.

Don't forget we are the agents for the famous Walk-Over Shoes.

EMIL KRAUS

Grayling's Leading Store

Grayling Greenhouses

WE HAVE SOME FINE

Boston Ferns at.....	35c, 50c and 75c each
Auracarias	\$2.00 each
Primroses	25c each
Geraniums for winter blooming.....	30c each
Cenerarias	35c each
Carnations, cut,.....	75c a doz.

All Sizes of Flower Pots and Flower Baskets

Greenhouses open from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays and holidays to 9:30 a. m.

Collection Notice

For the accommodation of citizens who cannot conveniently call in business hours without losing time, I will be in my office from 6 to 8:30 in the evening, for TWO WEEKS, to receive balance on accounts due R. W. Brink.

November 23, 1914.

O. PALMER,
Trustee.

FLORIDA

TRAVEL ON THE MAGNIFICENT

SOUTH ATLANTIC LIMITED
Solid Through Electric Lighted Train to Jacksonville over the LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

Observation Sleeping Car from Cincinnati
Drawing Room Sleeping Car from Cincinnati and Louisville
Long Night Winter Tourist Through on sale daily. Short Night Sleepers' Tickets on sale first and third Tuesday of each month. Write for further particulars, or illustrated folders of Florida or the beautiful Gulf Coast resorts
F. E. WEISS, T. P. A., 1025 Majestic Building, DETROIT, MICH.

Prudent Buyers Read the Avalanche Advs.

The Last Shot

BY
FREDERICK PALMER

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SYNOPSIS.

At their home on the frontier between the Browns and the Grays, Maria Gulland and her mother, entertaining Colonel Westerling of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron of the Browns injured by a fall in his aeroplane. Ten years later, Westerling, nominal vice and real chief of staff, re-enters South La Tir and meditates on war. He calls on Maria, who is visiting in the Gray capital. She tells him of her teaching children the follies of war and martial patriotism, and begs him to prevent war while he is chief of staff. On the march with the 33d of the Browns Private Straneky, anarchist, is placed under arrest. Colonel Lanstron begs him off. Lanstron calls on Maria at her home. He talks with Feller, the gardener. Maria tells Lanstron that she believes Feller to be a spy. Lanstron confesses it is true. Lanstron shows Maria a telephone which Feller has concealed in a secret passage under the lower floor, to benefit the Browns in war emergencies. Lanstron declares his love for Maria. Westerling and the Gray premier plan to use a trivial international affair to foment warlike spirit in army and people and strike before declaring war. Feller, Brown chief of staff, and Lanstron, made vice, discuss the trouble, and the Brown defenses. Feller reveals his plans to Lanstron. The Gray army crosses the border line and attacks. The Browns check them. Artillery, infantry, aeroplanes and machine guns engage. Straneky tries to make the anarchist speech of his life, draws the Gray artillery fire, and is killed. Lanstron, he goes berserk and fights—"All a man," Maria has her first glimpse of war in its modern, cold, scientific, murderous brutality. The Browns fall back to the Gulland house. Straneky forges. Maria sees a night attack. The Grays attack in force. Feller leaves his secret telephone and goes back to his gun. Hand to hand fighting. The Browns fall back again. Maria asks Lanstron over the phone to appeal to Feller to stop the fighting. Vandalism in the Gulland house.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

Then a staff-officer appeared in the doorway. When he saw a woman enter the room he frowned. He had ridden from the town, which was empty of women, a fact that he regarded as a blessing. If she had been a maid servant he would have kept on his cap. Seeing that she was not, he removed it and found himself in want of words as they eyed her after she had made a gesture to the broken glass on the floor and the lacerated table top, which said too plainly:

"Do you admire your work?"

The fact that he was well groomed and freshly shaven did not in any wise dissipate in her feminine mind his connection with this destruction. He had never seen anything like the smile which went with the gesture. Her eyes were two continuing and challenging flames. Her chin was held high and steady, and the pallor of exhaustion, with the blackness of her hair and eyes, made her strangely commanding. He understood that she was not waiting for him to speak, but to go.

"I did not know that there was a woman here!" he said.

"And I did not know that officers of the Grays were accustomed to enter private houses without invitations!" she replied.

"This is a little different," he began. She interrupted him.

"But the law of the Grays is that homes should be left undisturbed, isn't it? At least, it is the law of civilization. I believe you profess, too, to protect property, do you not?"

"Why, yes!" he agreed. He wished that he could get a little respite from the steady fire of her eyes. It was embarrassing and as confusing as the white light of an impracticable logic.

"In that case, please place a guard around our house lest some more of your soldiers get out of control," she went on.

"I can do that, yes," he said. "But we are to make this a staff headquarters and must start at once to put the house in readiness."

"General Westerling's headquarters?" she inquired.

He parried the question with a frown. Staff-officers never give information. They receive information and transmit orders.

"I know General Westerling. You will tell him that my mother, Mrs. Gulland, and our maid and myself are very tired from the entertainment he has given us, unasked, and we need sleep to-night. So you will leave us until morning and that door, sir, is the one out into the grounds."

The staff-officer bowed and went out by that door, glad to get away from Maria's eyes. His inspection of the premises with a view to plans for staff accommodation could wait. Westerling would not be here for two days at least.

"What energy she has!" he thought. "I never had anybody make me feel so contemptibly unlike a gentleman in my life."

Yet Maria, returning to the hall, had to steady herself in a dizzy moment against the wall. Complete reaction had come. She craved sleep as if it were the one true, real thing in the world. She craved sleep for the clarity of mind that comes with the morning light, in the haziness of fleecy thought, as slumber drew its soft clouds around her, her last conscious visions were the pleasant ones rising free of a background of horror; of Feller's smile when he went back to his automatic for good; of Straneky's smile as Minna gave him hope; and of Hugo's face as he uttered his duty-like cry of protest. In her ears were the haunting calmness and contained force of Lanstron's voice over the telephone. She was pleased to think that she had not lost her temper in her talk with the staff-officer. No, she had not flared once in indignation. It was as if she had absorbed some of Lanny's own self-control. Lanny would approve of her in that scene with an officer of the Grays. And she realized that a change had come over her—a change inexplicable and telling—and she was tired—oh, so tired! It had been exhausting work, indeed, for one woman, though she had been around the world, making war on two armies.

The general staff-officer of the Grays, days' fighting along the frontier had cost the Grays fifty thousand casualties.

"In order to make an oncoming you must break eggs!" she remarked.

"Broken like a true soldier—like a member of the staff!" was the reply.

In her constraint and detachment they realized her conscious appreciation of the fact that in earlier times her people had been for the Browns; but in her flashes of interest in the progress of the war, flashes from a woman's unimpaired mind, she judged that her heart was with the Grays. And why not? Was it not natural that a woman with more than her share of intellectual perception should be on the right side? From her associations it was not to be expected that she would make an outright declaration of apostasy. This would destroy the value and the attractiveness of her conversion. Reverence for the past, for a father who had fought for the Browns, against her own convictions, made her attitude appear singularly and delicately correct.

The war was a week old—a week which had developed other tangents and traps than La Tir—on the morning that the first installment of junior officers came to occupy the tables and desks. Where the family portraits had hung in the dining-room were now big maps dotted with brown and gray flags. Portable field cabinets with sectional maps on a large scale were arranged around the walls of the drawing-room. In what had been the lounge-room of the old days of Gulland properly, the refrain of half a dozen telegraph instruments made melody with the clacking of typewriters. Cooks and helpers were busy in the kitchen; for the staff were to live like gentlemen; they were to have their morning baths, their comfortable beds, and regular meals. No twinge of indignation or of rheumatism from exposure was to interfere with the working of their precious intellectual processes. No detail of assistance would be lacking to save any bureaucratic head time and labor. The bedrooms were apportioned according to rank—that of the master awaited the master; the best servant's bedroom awaited Francoise, his valet.

When Bouchard, the chief of intelligence, who fought the battle of wits and spies against Lanstron, came, two hours before Westerling was due, the last of the staff except Westerling and his personal aide had arrived. Bouchard, with his iron-gray hair, bushy eyebrows, strong, aquiline nose, and hawk-like eyes, his mouth hidden by a bristly mustache, was lean and saturnine, and he was loyal. No jealous thought entered his mind at having to serve a man younger than himself. He did not serve a personality; he served a chief of staff and a profession. The score of words which escaped him as he looked over the arrangements were all of directing criticism and bitten off sharply, as if he regretted that he had to waste breath in communicating even a thought.

"I tell nothing, but you tell me everything!" said Bouchard's hawk eyes. He was old-fashioned; he looked his part, which was one of the many points of difference between him and Lanstron as a chief of intelligence.

He lacked one minute to four when Hedworth Westerling, chief of staff in name as well as power now, alighted from the gray automobile that turned in at the Gulland drive. His Excellency had not occupied his new headquarters as soon as he expected, but this could have no influence on results. He had lost fifty thousand men on the first two days and two hundred thousand since the war had begun. Should he allow this to disturb his well-being of body or mind? His well-being of body and mind meant the ultimate saving of lives.

Confidence was reflected in Westerling's bearing and in his smile of command as he passed through the staff rooms, Turcas and Bouchard in his train, with tacit approval of the arrangements. Finally, Turcas, now vice-chief of staff, and the other chiefs awaited his pleasure in the library, which was to be his sanctum. On the massive seventeenth-century desk lay a number of reports and suggestions. Westerling ran through them with accustomed swiftness of sifting and then turned to his personal aide.

"Tell Francoise that I will have tea on the veranda."

From the fact that he took with him the papers that he had laid aside, subordinate generals, with the gift of unspoken directions which is a part of their profession, understood that he meant to go over the subjects requiring special attention while he had tea.

"Everything is going well—well!" he headed.

"Well!" ran the unspoken communication of confidence through the staff. So well that His Excellency was calmly taking tea on the veranda! For the indefatigable Turcas the detail; for Westerling the front of Jove.

He had told Maria only two weeks ago that he should see her again if war came; and war had come. With the inviting prospect of a few holiday moments in which to continue the interview that had been abruptly concluded in a hotel reception-room, he started down the terrace steps. Above the second terrace he saw a crown of woman's hair—hair of jet abundance, shading a face that brought familiar completeness to the scene. Their glances met where the path ended at the second terrace flight; here shot with a beam of restrained and questioning good humor that spoke at least a truce to the invader.

"You called sooner than I expected," she said in a note of equivocal pleasure.

"Or I," he rejoined with a shade of triumph, the politest of triumph. He was a step above her, her head on a level with the pocket of his blouse. His square shoulders, commanding height, and military erectness were thus emphasized, as was her own feminine slenderness.

"I want to thank you," she said. "As becomes a soldier, your forethought was expressed in action. It was the promptness of the men you sent to look after the garden which saved the uprooted plants before they were past recovery."

"I wished it for your sake and somewhat for my own sake to be the same that it was in the days when I used to call," he said graciously. "Tea was from four to five, do you remember? Will you join me? I have just ordered it."

A generous, pleasant conqueror, this! No one knew better than Westerling how to be one when he chose. He was something of an actor. Leaders of men of his type usually are.

"Why, yes. Very gladly!" she assented with no undue cordiality and no undue constraint, quite as if there were no war.

Neutrality could not be better impersonated, he thought, than in the even clearing of her lips over the words. They seemed to say that a storm had come and gone and a new set of masters had taken the place of the old. As they approached the veranda Francoise was placing the tea things.

"Just like the old days, isn't it?" he exclaimed with his first slip, convinced that the officers' commissary supplied excellent tea in the field.

"Yes, for the moment—if we forget the war!" she replied, and looked away, preoccupied, toward the landscape.

If we forget the war! She bore on the words rather grimly. The change that he had noted between the Maria of the hotel reception-room and the Maria of the moment was not altogether the work of ten years. It had developed since she was in the capital. In these three weeks war had been brought to her door. She had been under heavy fire. Yet this subject of the war was the one which he, as an invader, considered himself bound to avoid.

"We do forget it at tea, don't we?" he asked.

"At least we need not speak of it!" she replied.

"I am staying tonight. I was going to ask if you wouldn't remain on the veranda while I go over these papers. It—it would be very cozy and pleasant."

"Why, yes," she agreed with evident pleasure.

Turcas came, in answer to Westerling's ring. The orders and suggestions on the table seemed to be the product of this lath of a man, the vice-chief, but a lath of steel, not wood, who appeared a runner trained for a



"Just Like Old Days, Isn't It?"

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If we forget the war! She bore on the words rather grimly. The change that he had noted between the Maria of the hotel reception-room and the Maria of the moment was not altogether the work of ten years. It had developed since she was in the capital. In these three weeks war had been brought to her door. She had been under heavy fire. Yet this subject of the war was the one which he, as an invader, considered himself bound to avoid.

"We do forget it at tea, don't we?" he asked.

"At least we need not speak of it!" she replied.

"I am staying tonight. I was going to ask if you wouldn't remain on the veranda while I go over these papers. It—it would be very cozy and pleasant."

"Why, yes," she agreed with evident pleasure.

Turcas came, in answer to Westerling's ring. The orders and suggestions on the table seemed to be the product of this lath of a man, the vice-chief, but a lath of steel, not wood, who appeared a runner trained for a

He had told Maria only two weeks ago that he should see her again if war came; and war had come. With the inviting prospect of a few holiday moments in which to continue the interview that had been abruptly concluded in a hotel reception-room, he started down the terrace steps. Above the second terrace he saw a crown of woman's hair—hair of jet abundance, shading a face that brought familiar completeness to the scene. Their glances met where the path ended at the second terrace flight; here shot with a beam of restrained and questioning good humor that spoke at least a truce to the invader.

"You called sooner than I expected," she said in a note of equivocal pleasure.

"Or I," he rejoined with a shade of triumph, the politest of triumph. He was a step above her, her head on a level with the pocket of his blouse. His square shoulders, commanding height, and military erectness were thus emphasized, as was her own feminine slenderness.

"I want to thank you," she said. "As becomes a soldier, your forethought was expressed in action. It was the promptness of the men you sent to look after the garden which saved the uprooted plants before they were past recovery."

"I wished it for your sake and somewhat for my own sake to be the same that it was in the days when I used to call," he said graciously. "Tea was from four to five, do you remember? Will you join me? I have just ordered it."

A generous, pleasant conqueror, this! No one knew better than Westerling how to be one when he chose. He was something of an actor. Leaders of men of his type usually are.

"Why, yes. Very gladly!" she assented with no undue cordiality and no undue constraint, quite as if there were no war.

Neutrality could not be better impersonated, he thought, than in the even clearing of her lips over the words. They seemed to say that a storm had come and gone and a new set of masters had taken the place of the old. As they approached the veranda Francoise was placing the tea things.

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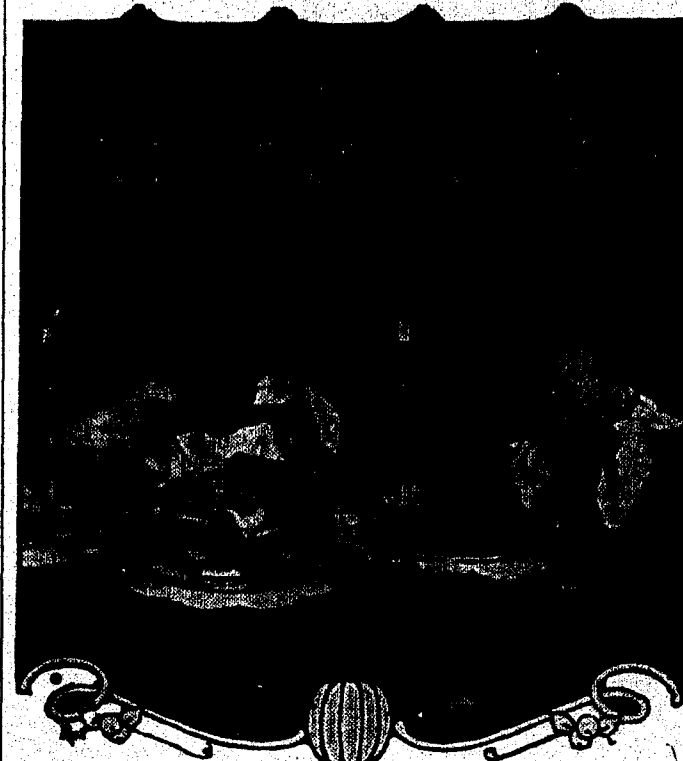
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For when we gladly eat our daily bread, we bless
The Hand that feeds us;
And when we walk along life's way in cheerfulness,
Our very heart-beats praise the Lord that leads us.
—Henry Van Dyke, D. D.

THE ROYAL GORGE

Mrs. Twitter's Little Dissertation
on Mother's Joy in Preparing
the Great Dinner.

She Didn't Seem to Take a Very Enthusiastic View of the Matter, But There Was a Reason for Her Well-Expressed "Grouch."

YES, ma'am," said Mrs. Bumpweather, "the mince pie is loaded, and the deadly conflict between peace and comfort on one side and pain and pepsin on the other is about to be performed. The coming Thursday will witness our great epicurean festival, which might be technically termed the Royal Gorge."

"I'm not specially keen to listening to any sentimental ravings about the day," said Mrs. Twitter, with her usual suspicious and refrigerated tone of voice.

"It's put in the calendar to pester us, that's all. Autumn brings us every kind of a misery it can pick up and lug home, after which we are cordially invited to gather together and be thankful. Thanksgiving day, like matrimony, is a good joke. You pawn the family jewels to send the kid-child to an expensive school. Blow one. You cavern into the recesses of a dark clothes closet and disinter your furs. They are somewhat dearer than they were ever dead before. In fact, they are not fur at all, ha, ha! They are merely skins what has been skinned. Svat two. The first cold day blows in and the radiator of the motor car freezes up, sneezes once, and calmly expires. Siam three. Grand opera stars collect, but father can't. So you don't go to the opera. Grief four. But I don't care. I never yet was able to harness up an opera ticket, an opera gown, and a lath dagger for my hair all on the same date. If I had two of the three, I never had the third."

"Sweet one," purred Mrs. Bumpweather, softly, "tell me your wonderful secret. How do you keep so blandly cheerful? What frightful and bitter experience in life has taught you to be gay? How I envy you your beautiful optimism. Hist, once! If you don't throttle that white habit, or get a dog-house for it, or give it an inhalation of chloroform, I shall be vexed with you—quite vexed, my dear."

"You smile on me and lead me on, and then you turn on me and frown," protested Mrs. Twitter. "Load up your old mince pie! Struggle onward to your Royal Gorge! I don't care what happens to you. Since I spend all my

time galloping from the front door to the back, answering the bells, my idea of Thanksgiving is a chance to sit down and blow on my poor, tired, hot, weary feet."

"We are certainly drifting far away from the sweet and gentle spirit of holidays," said Mrs. Bumpweather. "The good old days are dead."

"And why are they good?" asked Mrs. Twitter. "They are good because they are old and because they are dead. Can't you hear our great-grandmothers scoffing about new ideas and all that? Don't you suppose they were roaring about the dear old times that had passed? Up to date though you are, my lamb, with your silk skirt and rubber buttons; in your tango shoe soles, your chin strap on your little

bonnet, and your own interpretation of the Castle wall—even you, my love, will some time belong to the good old times."

"Even thus," agreed Mrs. Bumpweather, "even so. 'Tis true, I vow. But I shall belong to my own old times; I shall not be classed with my grandmother's old times. I shall keep alive with the cliffs of the present moment. Do you know, I think our Thanksgiving days are really much older than those old ones. I can't see anything particularly roaring jolly about exploring to church through three feet of snow and meeting a flabbered gent carrying a wild turkey. All the Thanksgiving pictures are like that."

"But," continued Mrs. Twitter, "do they ever tell about dear mother and what sort of a time she had? For weeks she made mince meat and stewed pumpkins, and during the summer she sweated over the fire to make the jelly. Imagine the thankfulness in her heart when she saw whole days of hard work gobbled up at once."

meal. How charming to have all the little folk around the house? Yes, ma'am? But what about sweeping up the mud tracks afterwards and plucking raisin seeds off the best hair cloth furniture, and washing up the tons of dishes? Mother did not sit before the fireplace and tell stories. She was putting little cotton blankets on her burnt thumbs, for basting a turkey is perilous business, let me tell you. How jolly it was to crack nuts, too. But where was mother? Oh, she was busy somewhere. Yes, we recollect now. She was putting a cold cloth on her throbbing brow; she had to pull herself together so as to have strength enough to serve a bit of supper afterward."

"They didn't have the movies then to furnish them with recreation," said Mrs. Bumpweather, "or theaters or tango dances. Visiting and eating were about the best they could do, and, after all, that's more fun than anything else. Give me time to get up a good, old-fashioned dinner, and I can have the biggest spread of my sweet, middle-aged life. Compare such a meal to anything you can get downtown, or at any country club! My child, there's nothing equal to it, and it is really a lark to cook it."

"Blithers!" remarked Mrs. Twitter. Mrs. Bumpweather said nothing, as if she meant it.

"Blithers!" exclaimed Mrs. Twitter again.

Mrs. Bumpweather slipped her hand through Mrs. Twitter's arm.

"You're tired, little one," said she. "When the enthusiasm gets out of your system, it's a sure sign that some other less pleasant microbe has crept in. You can't afford to let yourself slip away like that. You've got to keep holding on, and feeling keen about human events, and being interested, even if you're mending a pair of your old man's trousers or picking the roast beef bones for hash. You'll come and set your Thanksgiving dinner with me, won't you, honey?"

Mrs. Twitter wriggled about in a naive, shy twist supposedly to signify inexpressible joy.

"What for did I do all that growly talk?" asked she. "Little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper, but I'd rather growl for mine."

And she said it without the slightest show of shame.

Surely a Favored Nation.

Favored by Providence, the people of the United States are today expressing their heartfelt thanks for the good that has come to them, the evils that have been averted and the bright future that opens before them.

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"For Weeks She Made Mince Pie."

Smith and Jones, while talking over the garden fence, one afternoon, became tangled in a discussion that required some mental calculation.

"I tell you, Jones," declared Smith, in response to an assertion of the other, "that you are entirely wrong in your conclusions!"

"You will pardon me, old man," was the emphatic rejoinder of Jones, "but I am absolutely right!"

"And I say that you are not!" shouted Smith, losing patience. "Didn't I go to school, stupid?"

"Yes," was the calm reply of Jones, "and you came back stupid."

Speed of Run of Stream.

A stream runs most rapidly one-fifth of the depth below the surface and its average speed is that of the current two-fifths of the depth above the bottom.

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

(Copyright, 1914, by Harold MacGrath)

SYNOPSIS.

Stanley Hargrave, millionaire, after a miraculous escape from the den of the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for eighteen years. Hargrave one night enters a Broadway restaurant and there comes face to face with the gang's leader, Braine. After the meeting, during which neither man apparently recognizes the other, Hargrave hurries to his magnificent Riverside home and lays plans for making his escape from the country. He writes a letter to the girls' school in New Jersey where eighteen years before he had mysteriously left on the doorstep his baby daughter, Florence Gray. He also pays a visit to the hangar of a daredevil aviator. Braine and members of his band surround Hargrave's home at night, but as they enter the house the watchers outside see a balloon leave the roof. The safe is found empty—the million which Hargrave was known to have drawn that day gone. Then some one announced the balloon had been punctured and dropped to the bottom of the sea. Florence arrives from the girls' school. Princess Olga, Braine's companion, visits and claims to be a relative. Two bogus detectives call, but their plot is foiled by Norton, a newspaper man.

CHAPTER III.

The Safe in the Lonely Warehouse.

The princess did not remain long after the departure of the police with the bogus detectives. It had been a very difficult corner to wrangle out of, all because Braine had added to his plans after she had left the apartment. But for the advent of the meddling reporter the coup would have succeeded, herself apparently perfectly innocent of complicity. That must be the keynote of all her plans: to appear quite innocent and leave no trail behind her. She had gained the confidence of Florence and her companion. And she was rather certain that she had impressed this lady-eyed reporter and the stolid butler. She had told nothing but the truth regarding her relationship. They would find that out. She was Katrina Pushkin's cousin. But blood with her counted as naught. She had room in her heart but for two things, Braine and money to spend on her caprices.

How long has your highness known Mr. Braine? asked the reporter idly, as he smoothed away all signs of his recent conflict.

"O, the better part of a year. Mr. Hargrave did not recognize me the other night. That was quite excusable, for when he last saw me I was not more than twelve. My child," she said to Florence, "built no hopes regarding your mother. She is doubtless dead. Upon some trivial matter I do not know what it was—she was confined to the fortress. That was seventeen years ago. When you enter the fortress at St. Petersburg, you cease to be."

"That is true enough."

"I did not recall myself to your father. I did not care at that moment to shock him with the remembrance of the past. Is not Mr. Braine a remarkable man?" All this in her charming broken English.

"He is, indeed," affirmed Norton. "He's a superb linguist, knows everybody and has traveled everywhere. No matter what subject you bring up he seems well informed."

"Come often," urged Florence. "I shall, my child. And any time you need me, call for me. After all, I am nearly your aunt. You will find life in the city far different from that which you have been accustomed to."

She limped down to her limousine. In tripping up Norton he had stepped upon her foot heavily.

"She is lovely!" cried Florence.

"Well, I must be on my way, also," said Norton. "I am a worldly-wise man, Miss Florence. So is Jones here. Never go any place without letting him know; not even to the corner drug store. I am going to find your father. Some one was rescued. I'm going to find out whether it was the aviator or Mr. Hargrave."

Jones drew in a deep breath and his eyes closed for a moment. At the door he spoke to the reporter.

"What do you think of that woman?"

"I believe that she told the truth. She is charming."

"She is. But for all her charm and truth I cannot help distrusting her. I have an idea. I shall call up your office at the end of each day. If a day comes without a call, you will know that something is wrong."

"A very good idea," Norton shook hands with everyone and departed.

"What a brave, pleasant young man!" murmured Susan.

"I like him, too; and I'd like him for a friend," said the guileless girl.

"It is very good to have a friend like Mr. Norton," added Jones; and passed out into the kitchen. All the help had been discharged and upon his shoulders lay the burden of the cooking till such time when he could reinstate the cook.

There was a stormy scene between Braine and the princess that night. "Are you in your dotage?" she asked vehemently.

"There, there; bring your voice down a bit. Where's the girl?"

"In her room. Where did you sup-

pose she would be, after that botchwork of letting me go to do one thing while you had in mind another? And an ordinary pair of cutthroats, at that!"

"The thought came to me after you left. I knew you'd recognize the men and understand. I see no reason why it didn't work."

It would have been all right if you had consulted a clairvoyant."

"What the deuce do you mean by that?" Braine demanded roughly.

"I mean that then you would have learned your friend the reporter was to arrive upon the scene at its most vital moment."

"What, Norton?"

"Yes. The trouble is with you, you have been so successful all these years that you have grown overconfident. I tell you that there is a desperately shrewd man somewhere back of all this. Mark me, I do not believe Hargrave is dead. He is in hiding. It may be near by. He may have dropped from the balloon before it left land. The man they picked up may be Orta, the aeronaut. The five thousand might have been his fee for rescuing Hargrave. Here is the greatest thing we've ever been up against; and you start in with every day methods!"

"Little woman, don't let your tongue run away with you too far."

"I'm not the least bit afraid of you, Leo. You need me, and it has never been more apparent than at this moment."

"All right. I fell by the wayside this trip. Truthfully, I realized it five minutes after the men were gone. The only clever thing I did was to keep the mask on my face. They can't come back at me. But the thing looked so easy; and it would have worked but for Norton's appearance."

"You all but compromised me. That butler worries me a little." Her expression lost its anger and grew thoughtful. "He's always about, somewhere. Do you think Hargrave took him into his confidence?"

"Can't tell. He's been watched straight for 40 hours. He hasn't mailed a letter or telephoned to any place but the grocery. There have been no telegrams. Some one in that house knows where the money is, and it's ten to one that it will be the girl."

"She looks enough like Katrina to be her ghost."

Braine went over to the window and stared up at the stars.

"You have made a good impression on the girl," with his back still toward her.

"I had her in my arms."

"Olga, my hat is off to you," turning now that his face was again in repose. "Your very frankness regarding your relationship will pull the wool over their eyes. Of course they'll make inquiries and they'll find out that you haven't lied. It's perfect. Not even that newspaper weasel will see anything wrong. Toward you they will eventually ease up and you can act without their even dreaming your part in the business. We must not be seen in public any more. This butler may know where I stand even though he cannot prove it. Now, I'm going to tell you something. Perhaps you've long since guessed it. Katrina was mine till Hargrave—never mind what his name was then—till Hargrave came into the fold. So sure of her was I that I used her as a lure to bring him to us. She fell in love with him, but too late to warn him. I had the satisfaction of seeing him cast her aside, curse her, and leave her. In one thing she fooled us all. I never knew of the child till you told me."

He paused to light a cigarette.

"Hargrave was madly in love with her. He cursed her, but he came back to the house to forgive her, to find that she had been seized by the secret police and entombed in the fortress. I had my revenge. It was I who sent in the information, practically bogus. But in Russia they never question; they act and forget. So he had a daughter!"

He began pacing the floor, his hands behind his back; and the woman watched him, oscillating between love and fear. He came to a halt abruptly and looked down at her.

"Don't worry. You have no rival. I'll leave the daughter to your tender mercies."

"The butler," she said, "has full powers of attorney to act for Hargrave while absent, up to the day the girl becomes of legal age."

"I'll keep an eye on our friend Jones. From now on, day and night, there will be a cat at the knothole, and 'ware mouse! Could you make up anything like this girl?" suddenly.

"A fair likeness."

"Do it. Go to the ship which picked up the man at sea and quiz the captain. Either the aviator or Hargrave is alive. It is important to learn which at once. Be very careful; play the game only as you know how to play it. And if Hargrave is alive, we win. Tomorrow morning, early. Tears of anguish, and all that. Sailors are easy when a woman weeps. No color, remember; just the yellow wig and the salient features. Now, by-by!"

that the influence of friends was in a measure decreased by its abandonment.

Don't blame this view is correct. The Quaker speech, now so rarely heard, was always much liked by people not members of the sect because it was associated with calmness and serenity of manner. Probably this serenity was a quality not dependent on the language used, but was a matter of temperament and habit; but it seemed an essential accompaniment of the gentle "thee and thou" and other peculiar forms of address. As used, this Quaker speech was not strictly grammatical—"thee is," for example, being open to objection if anyone ever thought of it in a critical way. Nevertheless, "thee is" had its charm.

The passing of the Quaker costume was also spoken of with some regret, yet those who lamented its disappearance were not insistent on its redemption. Apparently they saw no essential connection between the plain garb and the plain language, yet there undoubtedly is one.

The speech is expected from wearers of the distinctive costume—the straight, severe gown and the close-fitting bonnets, and loses its effectiveness when it comes from the lips of a woman arrayed in fashionable attire. The change in dress was urged by the young generation of Quakers on the plea that the old fashions set them apart from their neighbors and were a hindrance. Perhaps they did not mean to give up the quaint speech also, but its disuse was inevitable. It does not belong with worldly dress.

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"Aren't you going to kiss me, Leo?" He caught her hands. "There is a species of Bellish about you, Olga. A kiss tonight from your lips would snip my locks; and I need a clear head. Whether we fall or win, when this game is played you shall be my wife." He kissed the hands and strode out into the hall.

The woman gazed down at her small white hands and smiled tenderly. (The fingers has her tender moments!) He meant it!

She went into her dressing room and for an hour or more worked over her face and hair, till she was certain that if the captain of the ship described her to anyone else he could not fail to give a fair description of Florence Hargrave.

But Norton reached the captain first. Other reporters had besieged him, but they had succeeded in gathering the vaguest kind of information. They had no description of Hargrave, while Norton had. Before going down to the boat, however, he had delved into the coat which he had brought with him. It cost him a pocketful of money, but the end justified the means. The princess had no past worth mentioning. By piecing this and that together he became assured that she had told the simple truth regarding the relationship to Florence's mother. A cablegram had given him all the facts in her history; there were no gaps or discrepancies. It read clear and frank. Trust a Russian secret agent to know what he was talking about.

No Norton's suspicions—and he had entertained some—were completely lulled to sleep. And he wouldn't have doubted her at all except for the fact that Braine had been with her when he had introduced Hargrave. Hargrave had feared Braine; that much the reporter had elicited from the butler. But there wasn't the slightest evidence. Braine had been in New York for nearly six years. The princess had arrived in the city but a year gone. And Braine was a member of several fashionable clubs, never touched cards, and seldom drank. He was an expert chess player and a wonderful amateur billiardist. Perhaps Jones, the taciturn and inscrutable, had not told him all he knew regarding his master's past. Well, well; he had in his time untangled worse snarls. The office had turned him loose, a free lance, to handle the case as he saw fit, to turn in the story when it was complete.

But what a story it was going to be when he cleared it up! The more mystifying it was, the greater the zest and sport for him. Norton was like a gambler who played for big stakes, and only big stakes stirred his cravings.

The captain of the tramp steamer Orient told him the same tale he had told the other reporters; he had picked up a man at sea. The man had been brought aboard totally exhausted.

"Was there another body any where?"

"No."

"What became of him?"

"I sent a wireless and that seemed to bother him. It looked so that he did

gravely. Gone for good, indeed, poor devil! Norton took out a roll of bills. "There's two hundred in this roll."

"Well," said the captain, vastly astonished. "It's yours if you will do me a small favor."

"If it doesn't get me mixed up with the police. I'm only captain of a tramp; and some of the harbor police have taken a dislike to me. What do you want me to do?"

"The police will not bother you. This man Hargrave had some enemies; they want either his life or his money; maybe both. It is a peculiar case, with Russia in the background. He might have laid the whole business before the police, but he chose to fight it out himself. And to tell the truth, I don't believe the police would have done any good."

"Have her over; what do you want me to do for that handsome roll of money?"

"If any man or woman who is not a reporter comes to pump you tell them the man went ashore with a packet under his arm."

"Tie a knot in that."

"Say that the man was gray haired, clean shaven, straight, with a scar high up on his forehead, generally covered up by his hair."

"That's battened down, my lad. Go on."

"Say that you saw him enter yonder warehouse, and later depart without his packet."

"Easy as dropping my mudhook."

"That's all," Norton gave the captain the money. "Good-by and many thanks."

"Don't mention it."

Norton left the ship and proceeded to the office of the warehouse. He approached the manager's desk.

"Hello, Grannis, old top!"

The man looked up from his work smiling. Then his face brightened.

"Norton? What's brought you here? O, yes; that balloon business. Sit down."

"What kind of a man is the captain of that old hooker in the ship?"

"Shifty in gun running, but otherwise as square as a die. Looks funny to see an old tub like that fixed up with wireless; but that has saved his neck a dozen times when he was running it into a noose. Not going to interview me, are you?"

"No. I'm going to ask you to do me a little favor."

"They always say that. But spin her out. If it doesn't cost me my job, it's yours."

"Well, there will be a person making inquiries about the mysterious aeronaut. All I want you to say is, that he left a packet with you, that you've put it in that safe till he calls to claim it."

Grannis nibbled the end of his pen. "Suppose some one should come and demand that I open the safe and deliver?"

"All you've got to do is to tell them to show the receipt signed by you."

The warehouse manager laughed. "Got a lot of sense in that ivory dome of yours. All right. But if anything happens you've got to come around and back me up. What's it about?"

"That I dare not tell you. This much, I'm laying a trap and I want some one I don't know to fall into it."

"On your way, James. But if you don't send me some prize fight tickets next week for this, I'll never do you another favor."

In reply Norton took from his pocket two bits of pasteboard and laid them on the desk. "I knew you'd be wanting something like this."

"Ringed!" cried Grannis. "You reporters are lucky devils!"

"I'd go myself if there was any earthly chance of a real scrap. You make me laugh, Gran. You're always going, always hoping the next one will be a real one. But it's all bunk. The pugs are the biggest fakers on top the sod. They've got us newspaper men done to a frazzle."

"I guess you're right. Well, count on me regarding that mysterious bundle in the safe."

"At three o'clock this afternoon I want you to call me up. If no one has called, why the game is up. But if some one does come around and make inquiries, don't fail to let me know."

"I'll be here till five. I'd better call you up then."

Then Norton returned home and idled about till afternoon. He went over to Riverside. Five times he walked up and down the front of the Hargrave place, finally plucked up his courage and walked to the door. After all, he was a lucky mortal. He had a good excuse to visit this house every day in the week. And there was something tantalizing in the risk he took. Besides, he wanted to prove to himself whether it was a passing fancy or something deeper. That's the way with humans; we never see a sign "Fresh Paint" that we don't have to prove it.

He chatted with Florence for a while and found that, for all she might be guileless to the world, she was a good linguist, a fine musician, and talked with remarkable keenness about books and arts. But unless he roused her, the sadness of her position always lay written in her face. It was not difficult for him to conjure up her dreams in coming to the city and the blow which, like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, had shattered them ruthlessly.

"You must come every day and tell me how you have progressed," she said.

"I'll obey that order gladly, whenever I can possibly do it. My visits will always be short."

"That is not necessary."

"No," said Norton in his heart, "but it is wise."

Always he found Jones waiting for

him at the door, always in the shadow. "Well!" the butler whispered.

"I have laid a neat trap. Whether this balloon was the one that left the top of this house I don't know. But if there were two men in it, one of them lies at the bottom of the sea."

"And the man found?" The butler's voice was tense.

"It was not Hargrave. I met Orta but once, and as he wore a beard then, the captain's description did not tally with your recollection."

"Thank God! But what is this trap?"

"I propose to find out by it who is back of all this, who Hargrave's real enemies are."

Norton returned to his room, there to await the call from Grannis. He was sorry, but if Jones would not take him into his fullest confidence, he

must hold himself to blame for any blunder he (Norton) made. Of course, he could readily understand Jones' angle of vision. He knew nothing of the general run of reporters; he had heard of them by rumor and distrusted them. He was not aware of the fact that the average reporter carries more secrets in his head than a prime minister. It was, then, up to him to set about to allay this distrust and gain the man's complete confidence.

Meanwhile that same morning a pretty young woman boarded the Orient and asked to be led to the captain. Her eyes were red; she had evidently been weeping. When the sailor, susceptible like all sailors, saw her his promises to Norton took wings.

"This is Captain Hagan?" she asked, balling the handkerchief she held in her hand.

"Yes, miss. What can I do for you?"

He put his hands embarrassedly into his pockets—and felt the crisp bills. But for that magic touch he would have forgotten his lines. He squared his shoulders.

"I have every assurance that the man you picked up at sea is my father. I am Florence Hargrave. Tell me everything."

The captain's very blundering deceived her. "And then he hustled down the gang-plank and headed for that warehouse. He had a package which he was as tender of as if it had been dynamite."

"Thank you!" impulsively.

"A man has to do his duty, miss. A sailor's always glad to rescue a man at sea," awkwardly.

When she finally went down the gangplank the sigh the captain heaved was almost as loud as the exhaust from the donkey engines which were working out the brutes of lemons from the hold.

"Maybe she is his daughter; but two hundred is two hundred, and I'm a poor sailor man."

Then Grannis came in for his troubles. What was a chap to do when a pretty girl appealed to him?

"I am sorry, miss, but I can't give you that package. I gave the man a receipt and till it is presented to me the package must remain in yonder safe. You understand enough about the business to realize that. I did not solicit the job. It was thrust upon me. I'd give a hundred dollars if the blame thing was out of my safe. You say it is your fortune. That hasn't been proved. It may be gunpowder, dynamite. I'm sorry, but you will have to find your father and bring the receipt."

The young woman left the warehouse, dabbling her eyes with the sudden handkerchief.

"I wonder," mused Grannis, as he watched her from the window, "I wonder what the deuce that chap Norton is up to. The girl might have been the man's daughter. . . . Good Lord, what an ass I am! There wasn't any man!" And so he reached over for the telephone.

Immediately upon receipt of the message the reporter set his machinery in motion. Some time before dawn he would know who the arch-conspirator was. He questioned Grannis thoroughly, and Grannis' description tallied amazingly with that of Florence Hargrave. But a call over the wire proved to him conclusively that Florence had not been out of the house that morning.

On the morrow the newspapers had scare-headers about an attempt to rob the Duffy warehouse. It appeared

that the police had been tipped beforehand and were on the grounds in time to gather in several notorious gunmen, who, under pressure of the third degree, vowed that they had been hired and paid by a man in a mask and had not the slightest idea what he wanted them to raid. Nothing further could be gotten out of the gunmen. That they were lying the police had no doubt, but they were up against a stout wall and all they could do was to hold the men for the grand jury.

Norton was in a fine temper. After all his careful planning he had gained nothing—absolutely nothing. But wait; he had gained something—the bitter enmity of a cunning and desperate man, who had been forced to remain hidden under the pier till almost dawn.

CHAPTER IV.

The Flat on the Top Floor.

Braine crawled from his uncomfortable hiding place. His clothes were soiled and damp, his hat gone. By a hair's breadth he had escaped the clever trap laid for him. Hargrave was alive, he had escaped; Braine was as certain of this fact as he was of his own breathing. He now knew how to account for the flickering light in the upper story of the warehouse. His ancient enemy had been watching him all the time. More than this, Hargrave and the meddling reporter were in collusion. In the flare of lights at the end of the gun-play he had caught the profile of the reporter. Here was a dangerous man, who must be watched with the utmost care.

He, Braine, had been lured to commit an overt act, and by the rarest good luck had escaped with nothing more serious than a cold chill and a galling disappointment.

He crawled along the top of the pier, listening, sending his dark-accustomed glance hither and thither. The sky in the east was growing paler and paler. In and out among the bales of wool, bags of coffee and lemon crates he slowly and cautiously wormed his way. A watchman patrolled the office side of the warehouse, and Braine found it possible to creep around the other way, thence into the street. After that he straightened up, sought a second-hand shop and purchased a soft hat, which he pulled down over his eyes.

He had half a dozen rooms which he always kept in readiness for such adventures as this. He rented them furnished in small hotels which never asked questions of their patrons. To one of these he went as fast as his weary legs could carry him. He always carried the key. Once in his room he donned fresh wearing apparel, linen, shoes, and shaved. Then he proceeded downstairs, the second-hand hat shading his eyes and the upper part of his face.

At half past twelve Norton entered the Knickerbocker cafe-restaurant, and the first person he noticed was Braine, reading the morning's paper, propped up against the water carafe. Evidently he had just ordered, for

there was nothing on his plate. Norton walked over and laid his hand upon Braine's shoulder. The man looked up with mild curiosity.

"Why, Norton, sit down, sit down! Have you had lunch? No? Join me."

"Thanks. Came in for my breakfast," said Norton, drawing out his chair. Braine was sitting with his back to the wall on the lounge-seat.

"I wonder if you newspaper men ever eat a real, true enough breakfast. I should think the hours you lead would kill you off. Anything new on the Hargrave story?"

"I'm not handling that," the reporter lied cheerfully. "Didn't want to. I knew him rather intimately. I've a horror of dead people, and don't want to be called upon to identify the body when they find it."

"Then you think they will find it?"

"I don't know. It's a strange mixup. I'm not on the story, mind you; but I was in the locality of Duffy's warehouse late last night and fell into a gunman rumpus."

"Yes, I read about that. What were they after?"

"You've got me there. No one seems to know. Some cook and bull story about there being something valuable. There was."

"What was it? The report in this paper does not say."

"Ten thousand bags of coffee."

Braine lay back in his chair and laughed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE RAREST VIRTUE

Courtesy, the rarest and most precious of all virtues, is as much a part of this store as the sign.

With us it does not mean simply politeness—a mere matter of "Thank you."

It means a sincere desire to serve—and a desire that is not satisfied until you are served perfectly.

Courtesy has given our store an atmosphere of its own—an atmosphere like that of a home where you are welcome.

That is why so many people always include this store in their shopping tours.

Drugs, Medicines, Sundries
and Christmas Goods

CENTRAL DRUG STORE

Phone No. 1. Grayling, Michigan

Crawford Avalanche

O. P. Schumann, Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.50
Six Months......75
Three Months......40

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, NOV. 26

Listen, Daughter.

Listen daughter, don't go moping around the house and sighing like a freight train cutting loose the air brakes; and don't be walking around the house with your eyes all puffed up and red from tears, simply because you can't have clothes that wouldn't look good anywhere except on one of those freak magazine-cover girls. I know it's a pretty tough old world, from your range of vision, because your mother and I have forbidden you to wear skirts that are too high and waists that are too low. I know, child, that some of the other girls are chasing around the streets in costumes that would shame a burlesque troupe and attracting lots of attention; but did you ever notice just what kind of attention they attract? Of course you haven't. You don't happen to be within earshot when some of the boys say what they really think about the "other girls." Thank God you don't. You're too young to know those things yet awhile.

You say the other girls laugh at your simple, pretty little frocks and at your freckles. Let 'em laugh. That shows that they ARE the other kind of girls. Your mother and I met each other long, long ago. I loved her enough to ask her to marry me and she cared enough for me to answer "Yes." We've been happy ever since, haven't we, Mother? Our marriage took. It didn't take any split skirt or silhouette gown to make me

fail in love with your mother. She never had such contraptions on in her life. And I didn't go prancing up and down Main street with a monkey hat on the back of my head and a cigarette poked out in front of my face.

Let the other girls smile if they want to, but just wait for the finish. You won't find the decent young chaps, the kind I would want to give my little girl to, marrying any of the "other girls."

That's right, have a good cry if you want to, it'll do you good. But remember, Dad knows best. So put on that pretty little dress, the one we all like—and we'll all go to the moving picture show and have some ice cream afterwards. Hurry up! It's getting late and we don't want to miss "The Million Dollar Mystery." That's right, smile!

War Weary.

The obligation that rests upon decent newspapers to tell the truth is ever a sacred and responsible one. At no time should it be more honored in observance than during the continuation of the tragedy that is being enacted upon the European continent. A period like the present stiffens the demand for veracity made by a public that takes journalism seriously.

Right-minded people have wearied of the unending procession of tales of horror, cruelty and destruction. They are eager, even anxious, to address themselves to the constructive policies of peace. The distorted perspective presented them by many newspapers gives them just offense. The plain truth is, the reading public is sick and tired of the monotony of the war diet served up to them.

Yet how many sensational newspapers disregard their duty to their readers, and careless of their obligation, deliberately invent horrors for the sole purpose of claiming supremacy in the publication of exclusive news.

Never in the history of the newspaper

has there been such a demand for truth; yet never in the history of the newspaper has truth been so carelessly handled!

No wonder the reading public is weary of "war news". No are we.

A Mother never changes. When her son is 40 years old and wears long whiskers she won't call him anything else but "Willie."

M. E. Church Notes.

A special Thanksgiving service will be held in the Methodist church on Thursday morning at 10:30 o'clock. All townspeople are heartily invited to attend this service.

A Thanksgiving sermon will be preached by the pastor, Rev. A. Mitchell. Come and join in this warm-hearted Christian service.

Next Sabbath, the morning service will be held at 10:30 o'clock and in the evening at 7.

On Sunday morning the pastor will take for his subject, "The Rainbow". Come, don't miss this unfolding of the work of God. It is especially for your benefit.

Beaver Creek Breezes.

The friends and neighbors of Geo. Belmore arranged a nice little surprise for him last Saturday evening, by arriving at his home just as he was making up his mind to retire and nearly causing him to expire. Everyone, including George, had a jolly time and did full justice to the nice lunch served by the ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Charters have returned to New Jersey, having spent a month at the home of John Hanna.

A merry hunting party from Detroit have been making their headquarters at Henry Moon's.

Mr. Emory Odell and Mr. Dolittle of Tekonsha are spending a few days in Beaver Creek.

Mrs. Effie Henry was called home Sunday by the illness of her mother.

Frank Benedict has been spending a few days at the farm and enjoying the hunting.

Lovells.

Mrs. Peter Bowman of Lewiston visited Mrs. Clarence Stillwagon Monday.

Daniel McCormick is visiting here this week.

Mr. Husted of West Branch is visiting his daughters, Mrs. T. E. Douglas and Mrs. Clarence Stillwagon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Race are the parents of a baby boy, born Saturday afternoon.

A. L. Burns had the good fortune to kill a deer Saturday.

Foley on Horse Trading.

It is hard telling when James W. Foley's muse is at its best. In "A Horse Trade" he has perpetuated what is perhaps the most laconic poem in the annals of Western literature. It is as screamingly funny as David Harum, and promises to be equally popular. It is in his new "Tales of the Trail".

Important.

Bear in mind that Chamberlain's Tablets not only move the bowels but improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by all dealers.

Strays.

Taken up by the subscriber of a mile southwest of Frederic, five head of stray cattle, 2 cows, black and white spotted; 1 yearling steer, dark red; two spring calves, black and white. The owner is required to call and identify the property and pay for their care.

B. P. JOHNSON,
Frederic, Mich.

Notice of Tax Collections.

I will be at my office in my home in Beaver Creek township every Friday during the month of December for the collection of taxes.

MAURICE R. HOPKINS,
Nov. 26-6. Treasurer.

BANKERS

If he speaks up sharp, he is canned.
Also he is expected to be a model youth.

If he is a born diplomat, he may make it.

If he speaks respectfully to his boss, he is toadying.

Their business is to let people who don't need money have it.

But if he has plenty and can show it to you, urge him to take more.

Otherwise he has his neck in the halter and his throat-latch is swelling.

A banker is always trying to look just enough like ready money and not too much.

The young man who works in a small town bank is one of hard luck's favorite victims.

Bankers are men who usually are scared for fear something will scare them pretty soon.

He has nearly as much fun as a hen with a cob tied to her tail among a litter of lively pups.

If he makes any, he is hitting the cash drawer and doctoring the day-book and petty ledger.

If a fellow is in such hard luck that he needs a cluster of kale quick, he is not to be trusted with it.

If he makes no investments anywhere there are whispers as to what he does with all his money.

He has to dress twice as well as Zeke Smathers, who works in a grocery and gets fifteen more on the month.

He is envied by all the other young men because, working right there beside the old stuff, he gets a lot of it per week.

He has almost as much watching and almost as many almost-irresistible temptations to be a dabbling hypocrite as a preacher has.

If he went to a horse race to watch the dogs go round and his Aunt Sarah gave him a diamond scarf pin the next week, he might as well buy 20 cents worth of carbolic or cyanide and qualify for a wooden ulcer with silver frogs.

ABOUT HANDS

Hands were made to tell the time within the old clock's face.

Hands were made to give fortune tellers and palmists a chance to make a living.

Hands were made so that there would be something to hold high in the air when held up by a bold highwayman on a lonely road.

Remarkable Cure of Croup.

"Last winter when my little boy had croup I got him a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I honestly believe it saved his life," writes Mrs. E. Cook, Indiana, Pa. "It cut the phlegm and relieved his coughing spells. I am most grateful for what this remedy has done for him." For sale by all dealers. Adv.

We have just received information that the First National Nurseries of Rochester, N. Y., want lady or gentlemen representatives in this section to sell all kinds of roses, shrubs, trees and seeds. They inform us that without previous experience it is possible to make good wages every week. Any one out of employment write them for terms and enclose this notice. 11-19-8

It Always Does the Work.

"I like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy better than any other," writes R. E. Roberts, Homer City, Pa. "I have taken it off and on for years and it has never failed to give the desired results." For sale by all dealers. Adv.

For Sale.

40 acres, one-half mile from the village 7 acres in pasture; entire 40 fenced. About ten acres low land, balance good farming land; sawing timber removed. Price \$600.00.

15 acres 1/4 of a mile from the village limits; 5 acres cleared; orchard and small fruits growing nicely. Hewn log house, 3 rooms, good cellar. Stable and shed and good well, for less than cost of improvements. \$340.00.

10 acres improved land, all fenced, nearly opposite T-town; one mile north of village; just right to be divided into large village lots for workmen in the mills and yards, and parolhouse can double his money. Can be bought for \$200.00.

O. Palmer.

WANTS

Advertisements will be accepted on this basis: 10 cents per line. No advance for less than 15 cents. There are about six words to the line. SEND MONEY WITH THE ORDER.

WASHING wanted by Mrs. George Mallinger. Phone 923. 11-26-2

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, one with bath. Inquire of Mrs. E. P. Matson.

PLAIN SEWING wanted, that I can do at home. Just east of Madison's addition on the south side of the river. Drop a card in the post office and I will call for the work, and believe I can satisfy you. Mrs. Sarah Deket. 11-26-25.

LOST—Large black, yellow and white foxhound. Had on brown leather collar without chain ring. Reward for return. R. W. Brink. 11-19-3

FOX HOUND—One year old, and pup for sale. Inquire of Geo. Belmore. County line phone. 11-19-3

STOVE and furniture repairing and upholstering. South side, next to Hendrickson's tailor shop. Robert McQuaid. 11-19-4

FOR RENT—Small house, corner Ogden and Elm Sts. Inquire of Mrs. F. Freeland. 11-19-3

GENERAL HOUSEWORK wanted by young lady. Address box No. 250. 11-19-3

WANTED—Clean wiping rags at the Avalanche office. Will pay 5c per pound.

FOR SALE—Or trade for cattle, one chestnut mare, 9 years old, weight about 1,000 pounds. Fine saddle horse. P. J. Moshier. 11-5-3

FOR RENT—House near Danish church. Phone 1143. T. Roosen. 2v.

Notice.

To the owner or owners of any and all interests in or liens upon the land herein described:

Take notice that sale has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and that the undersigned has title thereto under tax deed or deeds issued therefor, and that you are entitled to a reconveyance thereof at any time within six months after return of service of this notice, upon payment to the undersigned or to the Register in Chancery of the county in which the lands lie of all sums paid upon such purchase, together with one hundred per cent additional thereto, and the fees of the sheriff for the service or cost of publication of this notice, to be computed as upon personal service of a declaration as commencement of suit, and the further sum of five dollars for each description without other additional cost or charges. If payment as aforesaid is not made, the undersigned will institute proceedings for possession of the land.

Description of land situated in Crawford county, state of Michigan. Southwest quarter of Northwest quarter of Sec. 26, Town 28 N., Range 4 W. Amount paid \$8.69, tax for years 1892 and 1894.

Amount necessary to redeem, \$22.38 to which must be added the fees of the sheriff.

Yours respectfully,
LOUIS A. GARDNER,
Administrator of the estate of John West.

Place of business, Frederic, Mich. Dated Oct. 13, A. D. 1914.

To S. H. Webster, East Saginaw, Michigan, grantee under the last recorded deed, in the regular chain of title, to said land.

Dorothy A. Seder, Frederic, Michigan, grantee under the last recorded tax deed to said land issued by the Auditor General.

Proof of failure of service. State of Michigan, ss. County of Crawford, I do hereby certify and return, that after making careful inquiry and search I am unable to ascertain the whereabouts or post office address of the within named S. H. Webster nor of Dorothy A. Seder, or the heirs, or the whereabouts or post office address of the executors, administrators, or trustees or guardians of the said S. H. Webster or Dorothy A. Seder.

My fees \$1.25 HOMER G. BENDICT,
Sheriff of said county.

Hotel

Scandinavian

CHRIS F. HANSEN, Prop'r.

Hotel and Boarding House

Room and Board by the Day or Week

Steam Heat - Electric Lights

Reasons Why You Should Buy Your Groceries of Us

BECAUSE we are careful with the little details of our business.

We fill telephone orders with exactness.

You get the right packages. Such small things form the mountain of good service.

L. A. Gardner

PHONE 191

Frederic, Michigan

Staley Underwear

Combines Comfort and Durability

This brand of underwear has stood the test of wear and comfort and will give the wearer satisfaction from the first day that it is worn to the last day of the season when it may be put away for further service during the next season.

Buy your underwear here and you will be pleased.

SALLING, HANSON CO.

The Pioneer Store.

Established 1878.

SINCE OUR FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT

Our business has had a steady daily increased patronage. It means that our customers are pleased. We have discarded our telephone and do no delivering, and the people who trade here get the benefit of this economy by a saving in price.

P. J. Moshier & Son
Meat Market

THIS IS INTENDED FOR YOU, YES YOU

Don't neglect yourself. The winter is just settling down to good old solid weather. I have nearly everything that adds to your comfort and at a price that makes you sure of solid footing and facts in low prices. I expect to go east in a few weeks to make some holiday purchases and at this writing am unloading winter goods at a rapid rate. Once a customer, a customer for all times. At least till further notice on Ladies' Cloaks I am going to not only be generous, but very generous, for Saturday, Nov. 21st and 28th,

I will sell any Ladies' Cloaks or Men's Overcoats at a Reduction of \$2.00 off from the regular price and the regular price has sold many cloaks—this a cut royal

Men's Storm Rubbers, good quality, at 90c	Men's Good Winter Caps, all colors, value \$1.25, at 98c
Ladies' Storm Rubbers, good quality, at 69c	Men's Good Winter Caps, all colors, value \$1.50, at \$1.25
Boys' Storm Rubbers, good quality, at 85c	Men's and Boys' Hockey Caps, value 50c, for 39c
Men's Wool Pants at \$1.95	
Men's Wool Pants at \$1.89	

It would surprise you to know the number of rubbers that have been sold from this store, all new goods and at low prices. This store expects to change its interior for the holiday trade. Mothers watch for the talk on holiday goods for your children.

Ladies' Long Knitted Black Leggings, valued at \$1.00, for 79c	Ladies' and Gent's Medium High Spats at 50c
Way's Mufflers, values 75c, for 50c	Way's Mufflers, values 50c, for 39c

You must have noticed my ad was not changed last week, running the same for two weeks. The fault was with the editor, not me. Low prices and quick sales is what makes the mare go. Cotton Bats and Blankets are going fast. If you are looking for a good Bat for 10c, I have it. Those new style auto bonnets 25c, 45c and 69c.

Frank Dreese

The Yellow Front, opposite Court House

Through Electric-Lighted Sleeping Cars to

FLORIDA

Effective November 21, 1914 via

New York Central Lines

Michigan Central - Big Free connection with Queen & Grand and Southern Railways

Detroit to Jacksonville

Leave Detroit 10:20 p. m. daily
Arrive Jacksonville 9:30 a. m. Second morning

Leave Jacksonville 12:25 night daily
Arrive Detroit 10:20 p. m. daily

Tickets at LOW WINTER TOURIST FARES on only daily until April 30, 1915. Return limit, June 1, 1915.

Albany, Cal., Florida, Genoa, Louisville, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, St. Paul, Toronto, Wash., D. C.

For particulars consult Michigan Central Ticket Agents



The Crawford Avalanche
Crawford County's Home Paper
Our advertisements bring results

OUR
PERFUMES
EXQUISITE!

There is the greatest difference in the world in the quality of perfumes. Cheap perfumes often put on a bold front and pass for something they are not, but the person of refinement and of discrimination demands perfumery that is dainty and exquisite. Our perfumes are selected to please this class of people. Our sachet powders and toilet requisites are all of the very highest quality. Try them.

A. M. LEWIS.
THE BUSY DRUGGIST

Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, NOV. 26

Local News

Method in Madness.

Buy a bale o' cotton, Bill,
Buy a heavy ham;
Buy a bar'l of apple sass,
Buy a jar o' jam.
Buy a box of oranges,
Buy a car of oats;
Buy yourself a suit of clothes,
Buy some overcoats.
Buy yourself a ton of hay,
Buy a load of bricks;
Buy a pair of rubber boots,
Buy a flock of chickens.
Buy yourself some chewing gum,
Buy it by the box;
Buy yourself an auto,
Buy a dozen sox.
Buy a year's subscription,
Pay it in advance;
Then your friend, ye editor
Can buy a pair o' pants.
—The Office Devil

Whether it is for HER or for HIM,
get it from Hathaway's.

Miss Edna Brown of Saginaw is spending Thanksgiving at her home.

County Clerk J. J. Niederer was in Frederic on business on Saturday last.

E. McRae of Bay City was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Clark over Sunday last.

Miss Jennie Ingley left for Ann Arbor last Friday to consult physicians about her health.

It is not too early to think about that Xmas gift. Have it laid aside for you at Hathaway's.

Waldemar Olson, who has been employed as a druggist in Chicago, returned home last week.

A Massachusetts girl cut off her hair in her sleep. Most girls yank it off before they go to sleep.

Benjamin Laurent of South Haven is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mose Laurent of this city.

Miss Agnes Havens is the new assistant at the post office, in Miss Johanna Hendrickson's place.

Geo. A. Collett returned Monday from a two weeks' hunting trip near the Manistee river and brought home a deer.

The Stunt club meeting has been postponed for two weeks, and at that time will be entertained at the home of Miss Edna McCullough.

Joseph Tetu returned to his home in Cloquet, Minnesota, Monday morning, after a couple of weeks stay here, having come to attend the funeral of his brother, Frank Tetu.

Editor E. H. Congdon and wife of Oxford made their annual visit to the Avalanche office Monday. They never miss a hunting trip to this country during the open deer season.

William Burns, an inmate of the county infirmary, died at Mercy hospital Saturday morning, after a brief illness. He was about 70 years old and his relatives being unknown, the body was shipped to Ann Arbor.

The annual meeting of the local Masonic lodge will be held Thanksgiving night and all Masons are urged to be present. At this time there will be election of officers and payment of dues. It is the Masonic duty of every member to be present.

Axel Michelson, who had charge of the contributions for the relief of the suffering Belgians, informed us that a total of \$482.00 were contributed by some of our local citizens and a few from nearby towns. This sum will be turned over to the proper committee at Detroit and will be spent for food stuffs and forwarded to Belgium.

ALWAYS DEMAND

CONNOR'S WORLD'S BEST ICE CREAM

Made under modern and sanitary conditions. Healthful and refreshing

Sold exclusively by O. Sorenson & Son

George Langston of Lansing was in the city on business Wednesday.

For First Class Livery and Heavy Work call Peter Jorgensen, Phone 661. Open day and night.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Cooklin and son John left Wednesday noon to visit in Bay City, Flushing and Swartz Creek.

The Grayling citizens' band are doing some hard practicing for a band concert, which they will give in about three weeks.

How about some nice engraved cards and some monogram stationery for Christmas presents? They are ideal and sensible.

The M. E. Ladies Aid will hold their annual fair and supper at the opera house, Wednesday, Dec. 9. Come and get a good supper for 25 cts.

The story of 'The Million Dollar Mystery' that is being published in the Avalanche appears on the third and sixth pages, comprising chapters 3, 4, and part of 5.

The W. R. C. ladies donated two quarts of canned fruit apiece and also some jellies to be sent to the Women's Annex of the Soldiers' home at Grand Rapids. The delicacies were sent last Tuesday so that they will be received for Thanksgiving.

Today is Thanksgiving—count your many blessings and forget your grievances if you are so foolish as to have any. Some may have more to be thankful for than others but we all have some things. Count them and the result will surprise you.

Mr. Biers, vice president of the Lincoln Chautauqua system, was in Grayling Monday in the interest of the Chautauqua. It is expected that arrangements for the 1915 Chautauqua in Grayling will be completed soon. In giving an outline of the 1915 course it appears that we will have a better Chautauqua next summer than we had the last season.

Mrs. Michael Shanahan and Miss Nellie left Monday afternoon for Cheboygan to attend the wedding of Miss Edna Sargent of that city and Mr. John D. MacPhee, which took place at St. Mary's church Wednesday morning at nine o'clock. Miss Nellie acted as bridesmaid. Mrs. Wm. Brennan and Mrs. T. L. Brennan of this city were also in attendance.

Sorenson Bros. Furniture store announce that they will as usual have calendars for distribution during the holidays and suggest that those wanting them leave an order for same at their store at any time before then, and thus be assured of getting one. These calendars are attractive and also contain a complete list of the local fire alarm signals. These calendars are being furnished by the 'Avalanche' office.

Wm. H. Cody, Fred Parks, Sam Kastepholz, Peter Mason and a gentleman from Frederic have returned from the north woods with their deer licenses filled—eight deer. The party consisting of Claude Gilson and father and Wm. Neil, Joe Burton and Paul Hendrie, returned with eight deer, seven of which are bucks. Mr. Gilson killed one buck with fourteen points. Both parties report a fine outing and most enjoyable time.

The Farmers' institute of this county will be held in this city next week Wednesday and Thursday at the court house. The Woman's congress, in connection with the institute meetings, will be held on Thursday afternoon at the G. A. R. hall. A complete program of the meetings appears on the last page of the Avalanche this issue. It is hoped that not only every farmer in this county but also the town people will take an interest in the meetings by attending as often as possible. There will be good speaking and good music by the Grayling schools and other local talent.

Mrs. Clement Mills passed away suddenly last Saturday night at 10:15 o'clock, after a brief illness from a complication of diseases. Mrs. Mills was 52 years and six months old, and with her husband and only son, Glen, had resided here about six years, coming here from Detroit. She had been ailing for years, but was taken ill only last Friday. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon from the home, Rev. Mitchell of the M. E. church officiating at the funeral ceremonies. Interment was made in Elmwood cemetery. She leaves to mourn her loss her husband and only son, Glen, and two sisters, who reside in Tennessee. Their friends extend their sincere sympathy in their sad loss.

The new gymnasium is coming along fine. A party was given at the Danish parsonage Sunday evening in honor of the progress of it. It is customary with the Danish people, that when a certain part of the building which is being erected is reached, to celebrate in honor of it, which is when the framework is up. At the gymnasium Sunday afternoon a large wreath with red, white and blue streamers was seen floating from the highest part of the framework and in the center of the wreath was a bottle, and the D. Y. P. Society all were there and were supposed to throw stones at the bottle, the one knocking it down being entitled to an extra burrah in the evening. Christ Olafson was the lucky one, shooting it down with a rifle. About 7:00 o'clock the Young People's society gathered at the home of Rev. Kjolhede, where the evening was pleasantly spent, the chief amusement being the singing of Danish songs. A story was read by L. Christensen-Buagard the gymnasium teacher, and Rev. Kjolhede gave a little talk and refreshments were served, after which all the members left for their respective homes, giving three cheers for the new gymnasium.

Mrs. Thorwald Hanson made a trip to Bay City Tuesday.

Remember the salt baths at the Walter Cowell barber shop. Price 25c.

Red Cross Christmas seals are now on sale by the Boy Scouts and it is hoped that the sale this year will be even greater than last year.

Henry DeWaele and son Charles of Kalamazoo have purchased the R. W. Brink grocery stock and reopened the store Wednesday for business. Both Mr. DeWaele and his son are well and favorably known in Grayling and need no special introduction. The new firm has retained Mr. Brink to assist them in the store, therefore the old customers may feel at home when they call.

A company has been organized here and named The Hanson Land company, and the following have been elected to fill the offices: O. W. Hanson, president; R. Hanson, vice president; T. W. Hanson, secretary and treasurer. This company is a strictly family affair and consists of Mr. and Mrs. R. Hanson, their sons and daughters. The principle object in forming the company was to simplify the transactions by pooling the individual interests, and thus relieve the necessity of requiring the various signatures whenever a transaction was made wherein the family was interested. The company has been fully incorporated.

The Navy Department is making strenuous efforts to locate wireless stations along the Atlantic coast which are sending messages to belligerent war vessels. Some one in Maine has been sending such messages and it has been impossible to locate the station. The Department believes that it will succeed, however, due to a device which has been perfected by naval officers and which tells the direction from which the waves sent out by a wireless station come. With two such instruments stationed at different points, each getting the line of direction and following such lines until they intersect, the plant would be located.

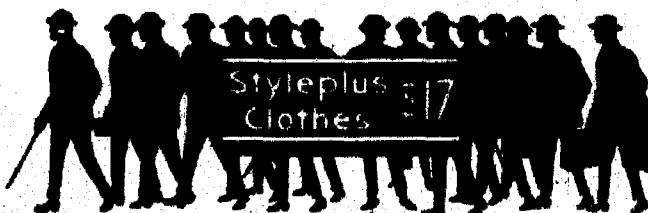
The Chicago Musical club opened the entertainment course, under the auspices of the Senior class, at the Temple theatre last Thursday night with a most delightful concert. It is the general opinion that this was one of the best musical attractions that has ever visited Grayling, and is a big feather in the caps of the Seniors who have made it possible for Grayling to have this fine course of entertainments. The next number will be given on Monday evening, December 21st. It is still time to purchase season tickets and it is hoped that those who have not already done so will purchase tickets at once and thus help to promote these high class entertainments in our city.

Miss Carol F. Walton of Ann Arbor was a caller in Grayling Monday evening and met with the Goodfellowship club at the home of Mrs. T. W. Hanson. Miss Walton is the secretary of the State Association for the Relief and Prevention of Tuberculosis, which association has charge of the sale of the Red Cross Christmas seals. These seals will be handled in this county by the local boy scouts, who did such good work last year and won the services of a trained nurse for one month, free of charge to the people, except for local transportation charges in getting to the various communities throughout the county. It had been the plan of the Association to send the nurse during the present month, however circumstances made it impossible to send us the right kind of nurse. Miss Walton came here purposely to consult with the local people regarding the best time for a nurse to visit us and it has been definitely arranged that Miss Mary Nelson, one of the most expert and experienced nurses in Michigan, will be here during the month of May. Miss Nelson will divide her time in Grayling, Frederic, Lovells, South Branch, Beaver Creek, Maple Forest and other places in the county and hopes to visit every home within our border. This is indeed a privilege and after Miss Nelson's visit we will have a much greater appreciation of the work of the Red Cross society in their effort toward good health, especially in their efforts toward stamping out the white plague. Miss Walton is a niece of Dr. and Mrs. O. Palmer, at whose home she was entertained at the time of her visit.

THANKSGIVING

Is the great National Holiday

We have the Great National Clothes



They are the clothes you read about—worn everywhere. Come in and get one—only \$17 for an overcoat or a suit.

We want to call your special attention to our new Winter Suits that are selling at \$8, \$10, \$12 and \$15. They are wonderful values.

Big, warm convertible collar Overcoats with belted back—we have your size and we fit your purse—\$8 to \$18.

Ladies Pattern Hats—One-Third Off

We can save you money on Rubbers, Sweaters, Underwear, Flannel Shirts, Caps, Hosiery and all winter weight goods and we give you quality, too.

Grayling Mercantile Co.

"THE QUALITY STORE"

Notice. If it is first class work in painting, decorating or paper hanging let Conrad Sorenson do your work. All work guaranteed. Artistic wall paper for sale; all the latest effects. tf.

OUR BREAD

is made of the richest and best materials and contains lots of shortening. The loaves are not blown like a bag of wind.

Let us end your Bread Problem

MODEL BAKERY

THOS. CASSIDY, Prop.

Announcement

We are pleased to announce that our store is now opened and fully stocked with "Good Things to Eat" for you. Our aim will be to supply your table with the latest and best groceries obtainable at the lowest price. Our phone number is 130, or come in and see us. Prompt delivery.

DeWaele & Son

GROCERS

Successors to R. W. Brink

The original home of Good Things to Eat

Children's Cutters

Just received a big shipment of cutters. The bodies are nicely painted and decorated and striped in a tasteful manner. Do not forget that a cutter must be large enough to accommodate the baby's wraps. There are none so convenient in this respect as our line. Call early while the stock is complete.

Sorenson Bros.

"The House of Dependable Furniture."

M. Simpson Est.

PHONE 14

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Burt Olney's Pure Food Products

in Sanitary Packages

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

(Copyright, 1914, by Harold MacGrath)

SYNOPSIS.

Stanley Hargrave, millionaire, after a successful career in the den of the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for eighteen years. Hargrave's only child, a daughter, enters a Broadway restaurant and there comes face to face with the gang's leader, Braine. After the meeting, during which neither man apparently recognizes the other, Hargrave hurries to his magnificent Riverside home and lays plans for making his escape from the country. He writes a letter to the girl's school in New Jersey where eighteen years before he had mysteriously left on the doorstep his baby daughter, Florence Grey. He also pays a visit to the harbor of a drowsy old town, Braine and members of his band surround Hargrave's home at night, but as they enter the house the watchers outside see a balloon leave the roof. The safe is found empty—the million which Hargrave was known to have drawn that day was gone. Then some one announced the balloon had been punctured and dropped into the sea. Florence arrived from the girl's school. Princess Olga, Braine's cousin, settles her and claims to be a relative. Two bogus detectives call but their plot is foiled by Norton, a newspaper man, who sends her and claims to be a relative. The plan proves abortive through Braine's good luck and only hitherto fall into the hands of the police.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"If you want my opinion," said Norton, "I believe the gunmen were out to shoot up another gang, and the police got wind of it."

"Don't you think it about time the police called a halt in this gunman matter?"

"Oh, so long as they pot each other the police look the other way. It saves a long trial and passage up the river. Besides, whenever they are nabbed some big politician manages to open the door for them. Great is the American voter."

"Take Mr. Norton's order, Luigi," said Braine.

"A German pancake, buttered toast and coffee," ordered the reporter.

"Man, eat something!"

"It's enough for me."

"And you'll go all the rest of the day on tobacco. I know something of you chaps. I don't see how you manage to do it."

"Food is the least of my troubles. By the way, may I ask you a few questions? Nothing for print, unless you've got a new book coming."

"Fire away."

"What do you know about the Princess Perigoff?"

"Let me see. H'm. Met her first about a year ago at a reception given to Nasimova. A very attractive woman. I see quite a lot of her. Why?"

"Well, she claims to be a sort of aunt to Hargrave's daughter."

"She said something to me about that the other night. You never know where you're at in this world, do you?"

"The German pancake, the toast, the coffee disappeared, and the reporter passed his cigar."

"The president visits town today and I'm off to watch the show. I suppose I'll have to interview him about the tariff and all that sort of thing. When you start on a new book let me know and I'll be your press agent."

"That's a bargain."

"Thanks for the breakfast."

Braine picked up his newspaper, smoked and read. He smoked, yes, but he only pretended to read. The young fool was clever, but no man is infallible. He had not the least suspicion; he saw only the newspaper story. Still, in some manner, he might stumble upon the truth, and it would be just as well to tie the reporter's hands effectually.

The rancor of early morning had been subdued; anger and quick temper never paid in the long run, and no one appreciated this fact better than Braine. To put Norton out of the way temporarily was only a wise precaution; it was not a matter of spite or reprisal.

He paid the reckoning, left the restaurant, and dropped into one of the clubs for a game of billiards. He drew quite a gallery about the table. He won easily, racked his cue and sought the apartments of the princess.

What a piece of luck it was that Olga had really married that old dotard, Perigoff! He had left her a titled widow six months after her marriage. But she had had hardly a kopeck to call her own.

"Olga, Hargrave is alive. He was there last night. But somehow he anticipated the raid and had the police in waiting. The question is, has he fooled us? Did he take that million off to get that girl. No matter where Hargrave is hidden, the knowledge that she is in my hands will bring him out into the open."

"No more blind alleys."

"What's on your mind?"

"She has never seen her father. She confessed to me that she has not even seen a photograph of him."

There was a long pause.

"Do you understand me?" she asked.

"By the Lord Harry, I do! You've a head on you worth two of mine. The very simplicity of the idea will win out for us. Some one to pose as her father; a message handed to her

in secret; dire misfortune if she whispers a word to anyone; that her father's life hangs upon the secrecy; she must confide in no one, least of all Jones, the butler. It all depends upon how the letter gets to her. Bred in the country, she probably sleeps with her window open. A pebble attached to a note, tossed into the window. I'll trust this to no one. I'll do it myself. With the girl in our control the rest will be easy. If she really does not know where the money is Hargrave will tell us. Great head, little woman, great head. She does not know her father's handwriting?"

"She has never seen a scrap of it. All that Miss Farlow ever received was money. The original note left on the doorstep with Florence has been lost. Trust me to make all these inquiries."

"Tomorrow night, then, immediately after dinner, a taxicab will await her just around the corner. Orange is the best man I can think of. He's an artist when it comes to playing the old-man parts."

"Not too old, remember. Hargrave isn't over forty-five."

"Another good point. I'm going to stretch out here on the divan and snooze for a while. Had a devil of a time last night."

"When shall I wake you?"

"At six. We'll have an early dinner today. I want to keep out of everybody's way. By-by."

In less than three minutes he was sound asleep. The woman gazed down at him in wonder and envy. If only she could drop to sleep like that. Very softly she pressed her lips to his hair.

At eleven o'clock the following night the hall light in the Hargrave house was turned off and the whole interior became dark. A shadow crept through the lilac bushes without any more sound than a cat would have made. Florence's window was open, as the arch-conspirator had expected it would be. With a small string and stone as a sling he sent the letter whirling skillfully through the air. It sailed into the girl's room. The man below heard no sound of the stone hitting anything and concluded that it had struck the bed.

He waited patiently. Presently a wavering light could be distinguished over the sill of the window. The girl was awake and had lit the candle. This knowledge was sufficient for his need. The tragic letter would do the rest, that is, if the girl came from the same pattern as her father and mother—strong-willed and adventurous.

He tiptoed back to the lilacs, when a noise sent him close to the ground. Half a dozen feet away he saw a shadow creeping along toward the front door. Presently the shadow stood up as if listening. He stooped again and ran lightly to the steps, up these to the door, which he flung.

Who was this? wondered Braine. Patiently he waited, arranging his posture so that he could keep a lookout at the door. By and by the door opened cautiously. A man holding a candle appeared. Braine vaguely recognized Olga's description of the butler. The man on the veranda suddenly blew out the light.

Braine could hear the low murmur of voices, but nothing more. The conversation lasted scarcely a minute. The door closed and the man ran down the steps, across the lawn, with Braine close at his heels.

"Just a moment, Mr. Hargrave," he called ironically; "just a moment!"

The man he addressed as Hargrave turned with lightning rapidity and struck. The blow caught Braine above the ear, knocking him flat. When he regained his feet the rumble of a motor told him the rest of the story.

By the dim light of her bedroom candle Florence read the note which had found entrance so strangely and mysteriously into her room. Her father! He lived, he needed her! Alive but in dread peril, and only she could save him! She longed to fly to him at once, then and there. How could she wait till tomorrow night at eight? Immediately she began to plan how to circumvent the watchful Jones and the careful Susan. Her father! She slept no more that night.

"My Darling Daughter: I must see you. Come at eight o'clock tomorrow night to 78 Grove street, third floor. Confide in no one, or you seal my death warrant."

"Your unhappy FATHER."

What child would refuse to obey a summons like this?

A light tap on the door started her. "Is anything the matter?" asked the mild voice of Jones.

"No. I got up to get a drink of water."

She heard his footsteps die away down the corridor. She thrust the letter into the pocket of her dress, which lay neatly folded on the chair at the foot of the bed, then climbed back into the bed itself. She must not tell even Mr. Norton.

Was the child spinning a romance

over the first young man she had ever met? In her heart of hearts the girl did not know.

Her father!

It was all so terribly and tragically simple, to match a woman's mind against that of a child. Both Norton and the sober Jones had explicitly warned her never to go anywhere, receive telephone calls or letters, without first consulting one or the other of them. And now she had planned to deceive them, with all the cunning of her sex.

The next morning at breakfast there was nothing unusual either in her appearance or manners. Under the shrewd scrutiny of Jones she was just her everyday self, a fine bit of acting for one who had yet to see the stage. But it is born in woman to act, as it is born in man to fight, and Florence was no exception to the rule.

She was going to save her father.

She read with Susan, played the piano, sewed a little, hummed and did a thousand and one things young girls do when they have the deception of their elders in view.

All day long Jones went about like an old hound with his nose to the wind. There was something in the air, but he could not tell what it was. Somehow or other, no matter which room Florence went into, there was Jones within earshot. And she dared not show the least impudence or restiveness. It was a large order for so young a girl, but she filled it.

She rather expected that the reporter would appear some time during the afternoon; and sure enough he did. He could no more resist the desire to see and talk to her than he could resist breathing. There was no use denying it; the world had suddenly turned at a new angle, presenting a new face, a rosy vision. It rather subdued his easy banter.

"What news?" she asked.

"None," rather despondently. "I'm sorry. I had hoped by this time to get somewhere. But it happens that I can't get any further than this house."

She did not ask him what he meant by that.

"Shall I play something for you?" she said.

"Please."

He drew a chair beside the piano and watched her fingers, white as the ivory keys, flutter up and down the board. She played Chopin for him, Mendelssohn, Grieg and Chaminade; and she played them in a surprisingly scholarly fashion. He had expected the usual schoolgirl choice and execution; "Titanic," the "Moonlight Sonata" (which not half a dozen great pianists have ever played correctly), "Monastery Bells," and the like. He had prepared to make a martyr of himself; instead, he was distinctly and delightfully entertained.

"You don't," he said whimsically, when she finally stopped, "you don't, by any chance, know 'The Maiden's Prayer'?"

She laughed. This piece was a standing joke at school.

"I have never played it. It may, however, be in the music cabinet. Would you like to hear it?" mischievously.

"Heaven forbid!" he murmured, raising his hands.

All the while the letter burned against her heart, and the smile on her face and the gravity on her tongue were forced. "Confide in no one," she

thought.

"Very well, father, I will go and get it." Gently she released herself from those horrible arms.

"Wait, my child, till I see if they will let you go. They may wish to hold you as hostages."

When he was gone she tried the doors. They were locked. Then she crossed over to the window and looked out. A leap from there would kill her. She turned her gaze toward the lamp, wondering.

The false father returned, dejectedly.

"It is as I said. They insist upon sending some one. Write down the directions I gave to you. I am very weak!"

"Write down the directions yourself, father; you know them better than I." Since she saw no escape, she was determined to keep up the tragic farce no longer.

"I am not your father."

"So I see," she replied, still with the amazing calm.

Braine, in the other room, shook his head savagely. Father and daughter; the same steel in the nerves. Could they bend her? Would they break her? He did not wish to injure her badly, but a million was always a million, and there was revenge which was worth more to him than the money itself. He listened, motioning to the others to be silent.

"Write the directions," commanded the scornful, who discarded the broken man's style.

"I know of no hidden money."

"Then your father dies this night. Sign, write!"

"I refuse!"

"Once more. The moment I blow this whistle the men in the other room will understand that your father is to die. Be wise. Money is nothing—life is everything."

"I refuse!" Even as she had known this vile creature to be an impostor so she knew that he lied, that her father was still free.

Grange blew the whistle. Instantly the room became filled with masked men. But Florence was ready. She seized the lamp and buried it to the floor, the light indifferent whether it exploded or went out. Happily for her, it was extinguished. At the same moment she cast the lamp she caught hold of a chair, remembering the direction of the window. She was su-

perannously strong in this moment. The chair went true. A crash followed.

"She has thrown herself out of the window!" yelled a voice.

Some one groped for the lamp, lit it, and turned in time to see Florence pass out of the room into that from which they had come. The door slammed. The surprised men heard the key click.

She was free. But she was no longer a child.

CHAPTER V.

The Problem of the Sealed Box.

"Jones!"

Jones kept saying to himself that he must strive to be calm, to think, think. Despite all his warnings, the warnings of Norton, she had tricked them and run away. It was maddening. He wanted to rave, tear his hair, break things. He tramped the hall. It would be wasting time to send for the police. They would only putter about fruitlessly. The Black Hundred knew how to arrange these abductions.

How had they succeeded in doing it? No one had entered the house that day without his being present. There had been no telephone call he had not heard the gist of, nor any letters he had not first glanced over. How had they done it? Suddenly into his mind flashed the remembrance of the candlelight under Florence's door the night before. In a dozen bounds he was in her room, searching drawers, paper boxes, baskets. He found nothing. He returned in despair to Susan, who, during all this turmoil, had sat as if frozen in her chair.

"Speak!" he cried. "For God's sake, say something, think something! Those devils are likely to torture her, hurt her!"

He leaned against the wall, his head on his arm.

When he turned again he was calm. He walked with bent head toward the door, opened it and stood upon the threshold for a space. Across the street a shadow stirred, but Jones did not see it. His gaze was attracted by something which shone dimly white on the walk just beyond the steps. He ran to it. A crumpled letter, undressed. He carried it back to the house, smoothed it out and read its contents. Florence in her haste had dropped the letter.

He clutched at his hat, put it on and ran to Susan.

"Here!" he cried, holding out an automatic. "If anyone comes in that you don't know, shoot! Don't ask questions, shoot!"

"I'm afraid!" She breathed with difficulty.

"Afraid!" he roared at her. He put the weapon in her hand. It slipped

and thudded to the floor. He stooped for it and slammed it into her lap. "You love your life and honor. You'll know how to shoot when the time comes. Now, attend to me. If I'm not back here by ten o'clock, turn this note over to the police. If you can't do that, then God help us all!"

With that he ran from the house.

Susan eyed the revolver with growing terror. For what had she left the peace and quiet of Miss Farlow's assassination, robbery, thieves and kidnappers? She wanted to shriek, but her throat was as dry as paper. Gingerly she touched the pistol. The cold steel sent a thrill of fear over her. He hadn't told her how to shoot!

Two blocks down the street, up an alley, was the garage wherein Hargrave had been wont to keep his car. Toward this Jones ran with the speed of a track athlete. There might be half a dozen taxicabs about, but he would not run the risk of engaging any one of them. The Black Hundred was capable of anticipating his every movement.

The shadow across the street stood undecided. At length he concluded to give Jones ten minutes in which to return. If he did not return within that time, the watcher would go up to the drug store and telephone for instructions.

But Jones did not come back.

"Where's Howard?" he demanded.

"Hello, Jones; what's up?"

"Howard, get that car out at once."

"Out she comes. Wait till I give her radiator a bucket of water. Gee!"

whispered Howard, whom Hargrave often used as his chauffeur, "get on to his nibs! First time I ever saw him awake. I wonder what's doing? You never know what's back of those mummy-faced headwaiters. . . . All right, Jones!"

Barriere did so, and the man appeared. Murgur then got up and threw a havelock over his shoulders, and in half an hour the two writers were eating their breakfast of pork and beans and cucumbers.—Youth's Companion.

Whales Dying Out.

The whales, including blue porpoises, eighty feet long, are the giants of the modern world, but Ed Perrier of the Paris Natural History museum points out that several species will soon be

lost. At least thirty companies of Norway are seeking whales on the African coasts, and the danger from English hunters is as great. The Paris academy has passed resolutions urging French and international protection.

Irony of Fate.

Another cross which we strive to bear as patiently as we can is that we are expected to kiss the wife's relatives with whom we'd rather shake hands and shake hands with those we'd rather kiss.—Ohio State Journal.

Lightweight Orator.

"Mr. Scadson delivers himself of the most trivial opinion with a grand flourish."

"Yes. He's the sort of man who thinks a sweeping gesture makes up for a lack of gray matter and goes in more for sound than sense."

Red Cross Ball Blue, much better, goes farther than liquid blue. Get from your grocer. Adv.

Some men are like umbrellas; they have so many ups and downs.

Charles Jackson, Jr., P. O. Box 104, London's Station, N. Y. City. I crained my ankle and dislocated my left hip by falling out of a third story window six months ago. I went on crutches for four months, then I started to use some of your Liniment, according to your directions, and I must say that it is helping me wonderfully. I threw my crutches away. Can I use two bottles of your Liniment and now I am walking quite well with no pain. I never will be without Sloan's Liniment.

All Dealers, 25c.

Send four cents in stamps for a TRIAL BOTTLE

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc.

Dept. B. Philadelphia, Pa.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Kills Pain

Planned to the minute. We had her; seven of us; doors locked, and all that. No weeping, no wailing; I could not understand then, but I do now. It's in the blood. Hargrave was as peaceful as a St. Bernard dog, till you cornered him, and then he was a lion. O, the devil. Slipped out our fingers like an eel. And across the street, Jones in a race! I never paid any particular attention to Jones, but from now on I shall. The girl may or may not know where the money is, but Jones does, Jones does! Two men shall watch. Felton on the street and Orliff from the windows of the deserted house. With opera glasses he will be able to take note of all that happens in the house during the day. He will be able to see the girl's room. And that's the important point. It was a good plan, little woman; and it would have been plain sailing if only we had remembered that the girl was Hargrave's daughter. Be very careful hereafter when you call on her. A night like this will have made her suspicious of every one. Our hope lies with you. Anything on your mind?"

"Yes. Why not insert a personal in the Herald?" She drew some writing paper toward her and scribbled a few words.

He read: "Florence—the hiding place is discovered. Remove it to a more secret spot at once. S. H." He laughed and shook his head. "I'm afraid that will never do."

"If she reads it, Jones will. The man with the opera glasses may see something. There's a chance Jones might become worried."

"Well, we'll give it a chance."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Military Academy at West Point was established by an act of congress in 1802.

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Red Cross Ball Blue, much better, goes farther than liquid blue. Get from your grocer. Adv.

Some men are like umbrellas; they have so many ups and downs.

Charles Jackson, Jr., P. O. Box 104, London's Station, N. Y. City. I crained my ankle and dislocated my left hip by falling out of a third story window six months ago. I went on crutches for four months, then I started to use some of your Liniment, according to your directions, and I must say that it is helping me wonderfully. I threw my crutches away. Can I use two bottles of your Liniment and now I am walking quite well with no pain. I never will be without Sloan's Liniment.

All Dealers, 25c.

Send four cents in stamps for a TRIAL BOTTLE

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc.

Dept. B. Philadelphia, Pa.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Kills Pain

Planned to the minute. We had her; seven of us; doors locked, and all that. No weeping, no wailing; I could not understand then, but I do now. It's in the blood. Hargrave was as peaceful as a St. Bernard dog, till you cornered him, and then he was a lion. O, the devil. Slipped out our fingers like an eel. And across the street, Jones in a race! I never paid any particular attention to Jones, but from now on I shall. The girl may or may not know where the money is, but Jones does, Jones does! Two men shall watch. Felton on the street and Orliff from the windows of the deserted house. With opera glasses he will be able to take note of all that happens in the house during the day. He will be able to see the girl's room. And that's the important point. It was a good plan, little woman; and it would have been plain sailing if only we had remembered that the girl was Hargrave's daughter. Be very careful hereafter when you call on her. A night like this will have made her suspicious of every one. Our hope lies with you. Anything on your mind?"

"Yes. Why not insert a personal in the Herald?" She drew some writing paper toward her and scribbled a few words.

He read: "Florence—the hiding place is discovered. Remove it to a more secret spot at once. S. H." He laughed and shook his head. "I'm afraid that will never do."

"If she reads it, Jones will. The man with the opera glasses may see something. There's a chance Jones might become worried."

"Well, we'll give it a chance."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Military Academy at West Point was established by an act of congress in 1802.

Barriere did so, and the man appeared. Murgur then got up and threw a havelock over his shoulders, and in half an hour the two writers were eating their breakfast of pork and beans and cucumbers.—Youth's Companion.

Whales Dying Out.

The whales, including blue porpoises, eighty feet long, are the giants of the modern world, but Ed Perrier of the Paris Natural History museum points out that several species will soon be

lost. At least thirty companies of Norway are seeking whales on the African coasts, and the danger from English hunters is as great. The Paris academy has passed resolutions urging French and international protection.

Irony of Fate.

Another cross which we strive to bear as patiently as we can is that we are expected to kiss the wife's relatives with whom we'd rather shake hands and shake hands with those we'd rather kiss.—Ohio State Journal.

SOMETHING USEFUL FOR THEM
 Sold at the best prices
 everywhere. If
 your dealer cannot
 supply, we will gladly
 mail you. Illustrated
 folder on request.
E. B. WATKINS COMPANY
 170 Broadway
 New York

Relics of the Past.
 "It'd like to see a one-horse shay,"
 remarked the city visitor.
 "Out of date," said his country host.
 "The nearest we can come to it now
 is a one-cylinder car."
 People go to extremes in trying to
 make both ends meet.

WINCHESTER

Smokeless Powder Shells
 "LEADER" and "REPEATER"

The superiority of Winchester
 Smokeless Powder Shells is
 undisputed. Among intelligent
 shooters they stand first in popu-
 larity, records and shooting
 qualities. Always use them
 For Field or Trap Shooting.

Ask Your Dealer For Them.

Canada is Calling You to her Rich Wheat Lands

She extends to Americans a hearty in-
 vitation to settle on her FREE Home-
 stead lands of 160 acres each or secure
 some of the low priced lands in Mani-
 toba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just
 as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than
 ever. Canada wants you to help to feed the world
 by tilling some of her soil—land similar to that
 which during many years has averaged 20 to 45
 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think what you
 can make with wheat around \$1 a bushel and
 land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of
 Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming
 is fully as profitable an industry as grain
 growing.

The Government this year is asking
 farmers to put increased acreage into
 grain. Military service is not com-
 ing. There is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many
 young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is healthful and
 agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient.
 Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent
 Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

M. V. MacINNIS
 170 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Government Agent.

HER APPRECIATION OF ART

Visitor's Genuine Tribute Must Have
 Thrilled the Soul of the
 Copying Artist.

It was about three o'clock, and the
 fading light in the art gallery of the
 public library was beginning to bother
 the painter-woman who faced the sun-
 set canvas with lumpy palette im-
 paled on one thumb and paint brush
 held hesitatingly in the other while
 she scrutinized again the intricate
 blending of sunset colors and backed
 away a few steps farther to equit at
 the perspective of the old whaler she
 was copying as it lurched in painted
 waves. Details of color blending, of
 light and shade, of form after the
 fashion of a painter's sensitive ap-
 preciation, undoubtedly filled her mind.
 Then came thumping along the pol-
 ished floor two other women. They
 stood for a moment in silence in front
 of the sunset picture. One of them
 raised a thick beringed hand and
 rubbed the canvas with a slow, feeling
 rub.

"Ain't it grand, Nellie," she said.

"An' all hand-painted, too."

War Snatches.

Simcoe Ford, the humorist, said the
 other day:

"We are a nation of humorists. We
 extract humor even out of war. As I
 walked down Broadway the other
 morning, I overheard scraps of talk
 like these:

"The missionaries have been look-
 ing for heathen in the wrong countries."
 "What's the matter with late Rod-
 yard Kipling resurrecting himself and
 sipping us a new war song?"

"Carnegie's peace palace? The
 Kaiser has turned it into a fort."
 Philadelphia Bulletin.

His Method.

"How did Dauber come to paint such
 an extraordinary picture?"

"Used a revolving canvas while
 painting."

Yet, It's Beautiful.

"Is a thing of beauty necessarily a
 joy forever, as the poet says?"

"No. Consider the soap bubble. It's
 career is soon ended."

Often—

The daily food lacks certain important elements,
 such as the vital mineral salts, which are absolutely de-
 manded for the proper up-keep of body, brain and
 nerves.

Grape-Nuts

Supplies this Lack

This splendid food contains all the nutritive ele-
 ments of whole wheat and barley—two of Nature's
 richest food grains—including the vital mineral salts,
 grown in the grain, and which are an absolute es-
 sential for normal up-keep of the system.

Add a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream to the meal
 for ten days and see what it does for you.

Grape-Nuts comes perfectly baked—ready to eat
 from the package—fresh, crisp, and delicious.

"There's a Reason" for GRAPE-NUTS

—sold by Grocers everywhere.

SCANDINAVIAN NEWS

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT HAP-
 PENINGS IN FAR OFF
 NORTHWEST.

ITEMS FROM THE OLD HOME

Resume of the Most Important Events
 in Sweden, Norway and Denmark—
 Of Interest to the Scandinavians
 in America.

SWEDEN.

The condition of the labor market
 in Sweden is not satisfactory. The
 reports from the employment bureau
 of the kingdom show that during Sep-
 tember there were 14,858 male appli-
 cants for 10,965 places, or 135 for
 every 100, as compared with 101 to
 100 in September last year. The
 number of female applicants in Sep-
 tember this year was 12,755, the num-
 ber of positions 11,942, or 107 to 100,
 as against 78 to 100 for the same
 month last year. The condition im-
 proved somewhat during October.
 The building trades will be in the
 worst straits on account of a lack of
 sufficient capital combined with the
 difficulty of doing a credit business.

Some English newspapers insinuated
 that Germany obtains coal from the
 Scandinavian countries. The Swedish
 press resented the charge in
 no uncertain terms. The English min-
 ister in Stockholm came to the res-
 cue in explaining that the insinua-
 tion must not be regarded as coming
 from the British government. He
 further pointed out that all English
 newspaper articles must be regarded
 as purely private expressions unless
 it is plainly stated that they give
 the views of the government.

At the Katrinefors paper mills ex-
 periments are being made to ascer-
 tain whether radium can be extracted
 from culm in paying quantities. The
 raw materials are taken from Bil-
 lingen. The method employed was in-
 vented by a chemist named J. Landin.
 A radium compound has already been
 produced. The next problem is to
 extract pure radium from this on a
 paying basis. The process must be
 very slow and difficult, for it is said
 that the final result will not be known
 for several months.

About one million dollars has been
 subscribed to the capital stock of the
 proposed Swedish-American steam-
 ship company. Sixty of the subscrib-
 ers held a meeting in Gothenburg to
 advance the plan. They agreed to
 meet again the 13th of November to
 perfect a formal organization of the
 company. As the Swedish terminus
 of the line, Gothenburg will derive
 great benefit from the enterprise, and
 efforts will be made to have the city
 subscribe \$500,000 to the capital stock.

The board of health has expressed
 itself with regard to the proposition
 to exterminate the wild rabbits of
 Skane. Those who are suffering from
 the pest are in favor of destroying the
 animals by means of inoculating some
 of them with chicken cholera bacilli.
 But the board is opposed to a whole-
 sale poisoning until it is proved that
 milder means are a failure. The
 board, however, is in favor of paying
 national and local bounties for killing
 wild rabbits by humane methods.

A flying machine met with a pecu-
 liar accident near the Malmstätt
 drill grounds. Lieutenant Sjöberg
 made a trip to Linköping, carrying
 one passenger. Just before entering
 the hangar at Malmstätt the motor
 failed to work as usual, and the ma-
 chine began to sink. The propeller
 struck the roof of a house, tearing
 away a part of it and damaging the
 machine. Both of the occupants ex-
 caped unhurt.

The family of J. Elmkvist of Sill-
 boda parish, Kalmar Lan, has been
 ravaged by tuberculosis to a very un-
 usual extent, no less than nine chil-
 dren having been carried away by
 that disease in eight years. Last year
 two of them died at such short inter-
 vals that both of them were buried
 in the same grave. Mr. Elmkvist is
 a public-school teacher.

The railway department asks for
 appropriations amounting to almost
 \$6,000,000 for the year 1916. This
 sum includes \$1,000,000 for rolling
 stock, \$1,200,000 for new buildings
 and \$3,800,000 for alterations of the
 yards in Malmö and new shops at the
 same place.

The Separator Manufacturing com-
 pany in Stockholm has been compelled
 to reduce its output very materially
 on account of the loss of the markets
 of the belligerent nations.

The government has published the
 new law regarding forest fires. The
 law makes every parish a fire depart-
 ment, whose chief is to be elected for
 three years. Every able-bodied man
 between the ages of eighteen and six-
 ty years is under obligation to fight
 forest fires. The new law will take
 effect the first of January.

The first victims of thin ice this
 season were three boys at Boden.
 They all broke through the ice on the
 Stråtbjörns lake and were drowned
 before anybody could reach them.

The proposition of opening a Swed-
 ish railway museum has been realized
 to the extent that rooms have been
 set aside at the Stockholm central
 station for the collection and care of
 such a museum, and Capt. O. Werner,
 a railway engineer, has been appointed
 to have charge of the collection.

The department of the navy has
 asked for bids from four different ship-
 building concerns in Sweden for the
 construction of the two new iron-
 clads for which plans were completed
 September 25.

DENMARK.

Policeman Kitten of Aalborg is one
 of the best known and most popular
 policemen in Denmark. His ability
 to catch crooks has made him an
 object of superstitious awe among the
 fraternity, while decent people expect
 little short of miracles from him. A
 recent incident shows how well he
 is known and how he is looked upon
 by the common people. A boy ran
 away from the Boys' home at Has-
 serie, Kitten picked him up and
 brought him back. The principal of
 the school gave the boy a severe re-
 buke, and in order to deal to the
 little fellow's conscience he said:
 "There is one who always follows you
 wherever you go. Can you tell me
 who that is?" The principal of course
 expected the boy to know that he
 meant God. But the boy promptly
 answered: "That is Kitten."

A large German steamer has been
 blown up south of the Danish island
 of Langeland in the great belt by a
 mine said to have been placed by the
 Germans. Several of her crew were
 lost. During the last fortnight two
 large German trawlers and one Ger-
 man steamer have been destroyed in
 this region. There are no Danish
 mines in the waters where the disas-
 ters have occurred, as they were gar-
 dered up by a Danish steamer some
 time ago.

During a recent storm the sea car-
 ried away a wide strip of the Skagen
 shore line between Fyrbakkum and
 the lighthouse. The breakwater made
 out of brush was all washed away, and
 a solid hill disappeared. Now that
 this high ground has been carried
 away the wave can easily extend the
 work of destruction along the lower
 ground. It is absolutely necessary
 that the work of the waves be checked
 before it is too late.

A people's high school is to be es-
 tablished at Store Restrup. A tenant
 farmers' union has paid \$35,000 for a
 piece of ground and a building in
 which the work is to be carried on.
 The school will be opened next spring.

NORWAY.

The Aura Stock company was or-
 ganized and a city was laid out and
 christened Aura. The place had about
 500 population, which number was in
 a few weeks increased to 5,000.
 Streets were laid out, with sewer
 pipes and watermain, and the build-
 ing of many houses was begun. One
 firm of building contractors took con-
 tracts to put up 140 cottages for the
 company. Brickyards were started
 and other building material brought
 to the place. The old landowners had
 dreams of growing rich.

But it was to a large degree British
 capital which had been enlisted in the
 enterprise. The war came and the
 hope of securing this capital went
 glimmering, and the Aura company
 went to pieces. At the time when
 work on the new city stopped the
 company had 1,300 laborers in its em-
 ploy, besides a score of engineers and
 a good sized clerical force. Building
 contractors had brought to the place
 400 masons and carpenters. Now all
 is at a standstill, the houses have
 foundations but no walls, the sewer
 drains are filling with water and are
 caving in, and the people are idle and
 looking forward to a hard winter.

The government is being criticized
 bitterly for having granted a franchise
 to the Aura company without proper
 assurance that the company would be
 able to keep its head above water.

An article from the London Finan-
 cial News is being run in some of
 the papers in Norway, presumably
 with a view to influencing Norwegian
 public opinion, stirring it to greater
 bitterness against Germany. It must
 produce an effect opposite to the one
 intended on any man in a condition
 bordering on sanity. This literary
 stunt runs far beyond the bounds of
 rhyme and reason in abusing the Ger-
 mans. This kind of traffic is causing
 the sympathy of many thinking people
 in Norway to veer around in favor of
 Germany. That the trend is in that
 direction is indubitable.

There is in Christianity a little An-
 gelican church, hidden away in one
 of the poorer quarters of the city, off
 Moellerstraten. It excites no comment
 when the king and queen attend the
 services in that church, in which spe-
 cial prayer is offered for success to
 British arms.

Their majesties are very democra-
 tic. They march into the church with
 the rest of the congregation and take
 their seats on or off the front bench
 with whatever plebeians happen to be
 sitting there. The congregation, of
 course, rise and remain standing
 while the king and queen walk down
 the aisle.

The vast water power of Romsdalen
 was to be utilized for running an im-
 mense saltpeter factory at Sundal-
 soren.

Some nitrate and other factories in
 Norway have, by reason of inability
 to market their products, or by reason
 of the failure to secure certain raw
 material ordinarily imported from
 Germany, been obliged to lay off
 many of their men. In order to give
 work to the unemployed the manage-
 ment of the government railroads
 promises to push the work of building
 the new roads decided on, especially
 in Nordland, to the north of Tron-
 djem.

Norway's big centennial exposition
 has been a tremendous success. The
 war for a time caused the attendance
 to fall off, but taken all in all the
 gate receipts have been larger than
 expected. And the exhibition itself
 has in every way been excellent as
 showing the wonderful industrial de-
 velopment of the country. There were
 150,000 persons on the grounds, and
 a noise and hilarity which under
 usual conditions would in Norway be
 regarded as an insurrection. The
 buildings are now being dismantled.

ENGLISH CLAIM SUBMARINE OF KAISER IS SUNK

British Destroyer Rescues All
 But One of Crew of
 Boat

FIGHTING IS RENEWED IN
 WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR

Germans in Violent Attacks On Ypres
 and Soissons Bring Up Big Guns
 in Attempt to Break Lines.

London—The secretary of the admir-
 alty announces that the German sub-
 marine boat U18, which was reported
 off the north coast of Scotland Mon-
 day morning, was rammed by a British
 patrolling vessel and foundered.

The submarine boat U18 of the Ger-
 man navy was built in 1912. She had
 a cruising radius of 2,000 and a speed
 of 14 knots above water and 8 knots
 submerged.

The patrolling ship rammed the sub-
 marine at 12:30 o'clock Monday after-
 noon. The U18 was not seen again
 until 1:20, when she appeared on the
 surface flying a white flag. Shortly af-
 ter this she foundered just as the
 British destroyer Garry came along-
 side. The destroyer rescued three of-
 ficers and 23 of the submarine's crew,
 only one being drowned.

The names of the German officers
 captured are Capt.-Lieut. von Hen-
 ning, Engineer-Lieut. Sprenger, and
 Lieut. Neuberger.

Fighting Resumed in West.

London—Violent fighting has been
 resumed in the western theatre of
 war, with the Germans making de-
 sperate efforts to break through the
 Allies' front at Ypres, Belgium, and
 at Soissons, Rheims and in the Ar-
 gonne region in France.

Official and press reports received
 here indicate that the Germans have
 begun a new general assault that is
 rapidly increasing in scope.
 The Paris official statement of Mon-
 day tells of violent fighting Sunday
 and the statement of Monday night
 says the conflict was kept up with
 cannonading at Soissons and Rheims
 and desperate attacks in the Argonne
 region.

Germans Moving Big Guns.

Newspaper correspondents in Hol-
 land report that the Germans are
 moving many big guns through Bel-
 gium to the front and that hundreds
 of engineers have been sent into the
 flooded region to devise means for
 clearing that part of the country of
 water.

Eighty thousand fresh troops are
 said to have passed through one point
 in Belgium since Saturday, moving
 towards the Yser river.

The renewed activity on the part of
 the Germans is considered as a prelude
 to another monster effort to crush the
 Allies at some one point and make
 a dash to the French coast at Calais.
 Just where the main attack will be
 made is known, of course, only to the
 German general staff.

It is believed here, however, that
 the invaders will make another effort
 to break through the allied front near
 Ypres or on the Yser canal, and at
 the same time try to force the line of
 French fortresses in the Argonne re-
 gion.

The Germans are now violently bom-
 barding Ypres, Soissons and Rheims,
 while making attacks in force in the
 Argonne. The French declare the as-
 saults in the last-named region have
 been repulsed while the Ger-
 mans in direct contradiction say that
 they have been gaining ground steadily.

Germans Checked in Poland.

The battle which is being fought
 in the region between the Vistula
 and Warthe rivers in Poland appears
 to have turned in favor of the Rus-
 sians. In fact, a special dispatch from
 Petrograd to Paris says that the Rus-
 sian army already has won a decisive
 victory. While this may be an exag-
 geration, both the Russian and the
 German official reports suggest that
 General von Hindenburg's second
 thrust at Warsaw has been checked.

Grand Duke Nicholas, commander-
 in-chief of the Russian forces, for
 two days in succession has recorded
 partial successes in this great battle
 and Monday the German general staff
 reported that the arrival of Russian
 reinforcements had postponed a de-
 cision.

BRIEF NEWS OF WAR

Ottawa, Ont.—Action has been
 taken by the government to stop the
 entry into Canada of pro-German
 newspapers published in New York.
 Three papers so far are on the prohibi-
 ted list. By order in council, it has
 been made a criminal offense to cir-
 culate these papers in Canada or to
 have them in one's possession.

Paris—Prince Bernhard von Bue-
 low, former German imperial chancellor,
 has been appointed German am-
 bassador to Italy, according to a Rome
 dispatch to the Fourrier agency.

Paris—Major Adolphe Meskiney at
 one time minister of war in the
 French cabinet, and who recently was
 decorated with the Legion of Honor
 for bravery, has been promoted to the
 rank of lieutenant-colonel. He went
 to the front as a member of the gen-
 eral staff.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have
Always Bought

Bears the
Signature
of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Exact Copy of Wrapper

The Best Remedy For All Ages

and proven so by thousands upon thousands of tests
the whole world over, is the famous family medicine—
Beecham's Pills. The ailments of the digestive organs
to which all are subject,—from which come so
many serious sicknesses, are corrected or prevented by

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Try a few doses now, and you will KNOW what it means
to have better digestion, sounder sleep, brighter eyes and
greater cheerfulness after your system has been cleared
of poisonous impurities. For children, parents, grand-
parents, Beecham's Pills are matchless as a remedy

For Indigestion and Bilioussness

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10s. 2s.

The directions with every box are very valuable—especially to women.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of
Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask Your
Druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE.
NORTHUP & LYMAN CO., INC., BUFFALO, N.Y.

PATENTS

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 48-1814.

Men Fight On Their Stomachs

Napoleon so said. A man
with a pretty sure to be a poor fighter. It is difficult—
almost impossible—for anyone, man or woman,
if digestion is poor, to succeed in business or
socially—or to enjoy life. In tablet or liquid form

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

helps weak stomachs to strong, healthy action—
rich, red blood which nourishes the entire body.

This vegetable remedy, to a great extent, puts
the liver into activity—clears the machinery of
the human system so that those who spend their working hours at the desk,
behind the counter, or in the home are rejuvenated into vigorous health.

Has brought relief to many thousands every year for over forty years. It cures
indigestion and constipation, restores the system to its normal health and strength. As
soon as it is taken to give it a trial. Write for Medical Discovery and the full
story of its success. Dr. Pierce's Institute, Medical and Surgical Buildings, Buffalo, N.Y.

You can have Dr. Pierce's Institute Medical Discovery of 1000 Pages for 50c.

Program and Premium List

CRAWFORD COUNTY

Farmers' Institute

GRAYLING, MICH.

Wednesday and Thursday, December 2 and 3, 1914

At Court House

PROGRAM

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2

FORENOON

- 9:45 Introductory Remarks by L. B. Merrill, President Crawford County Farmers' Institute Society.
10:00 Soil Improvement E. M. Moore, Wixom
10:30 Discussion
11:00 Forage Crops for Sandy Land, J. B. Brown, Tawas City
11:30 Discussion

AFTERNOON

- 1:00 Question Box in charge of E. M. Moore
Music by
1:30 Legumes as Soil Builders J. B. Brown
2:00 Discussion
2:30 Corn and the Silo E. M. Moore
3:00 Discussion
Address by T. F. Marston
3:30 The Farm Home Mrs. Helen A. Hill, Davison
4:00 Discussion

EVENING

- 7:15 Song
7:30 Cooperation for the Farmers E. M. Moore
Address by Rev. Aaron Mitchell
8:15 Common Birds and their Value Mrs. Helen A. Hill
9:00 The Farm Problem and its Solution J. B. Brown

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3

FORENOON

- 9:45 Rational Principles of Seed Selection E. M. Moore
10:15 Discussion
10:45 Starting the New Farm J. B. Brown
11:15 Discussion
11:45 Business meeting of County Institute Society, Reports, Election of Officers, etc.

AFTERNOON

- 1:00 Question Box in charge of J. B. Brown
Music by
1:30 The Care of the Farm Orchard E. M. Moore
2:00 Discussion
2:30 Stock Growing and Feeding J. B. Brown
3:00 Discussion
2:30 Making Our Highways Better L. H. Belknap
4:00 Discussion

WOMEN'S CONGRESS

AT G. A. R. HALL, 1:00 O'CLOCK P. M.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1914

Mrs. Nettie Stephan, Grayling, Chairman
Mrs. Helen A. Hill, Davison, Conductor

- 1:15 Music by Miss Florence Countryman
1:45 A Housewife's Potato Talk (Practical Demonstrations) Mrs. Helen A. Hill, Davison
2:30 Discussion and Questions
Reading by Mrs. S. N. Insley
3:00 Mrs. Olaf Michelson Local Speaker
3:30 Discussion
Election of Officers
Music and Adjournment

PREMIUM LIST

	1st Prize	2nd Prize
Best plate of Apples	\$1.00	50
selection of Fruit	1.00	50
10 ears of Popcorn	1.00	50
10 ears of Dent Corn	1.00	50
10 ears of Flint Corn	1.00	50
six Potatoes	1.00	50
three Turnips	1.00	50
three Sugar Beets	1.00	50
display of Roots	1.00	50
six Onions	1.00	50
six Carrots	1.00	50
two quarts Oats	1.00	50
two quarts Wheat	1.00	50
two quarts Rye	1.00	50
two quarts Buckwheat	1.00	50
loaf of Bread	1.00	50
pound of Butter	1.00	50
all round of Farm Produce	2.00	1.00

OFFICERS

L. B. MERRILL, Grayling, Pres. Co. Farmers' Inst. Society.
CHARLES CORWIN, Pere Cheney.

Secy. Co. Farmers' Inst. Society.

L. R. TAFT, State Supt. Farmers' Institutes.
E. M. MOORE, Wixom, Conductor.



Wife—One thing is certain—you've got to mend your ways if I continue to live here.
Husband—And you've got to spend more time mending my socks if I live here.

NO DISPUTE ABOUT IT



The Frog—What's that thing on the end of your tail?
The Rattlesnake—It's a rattling good thing, that's what it is.

DEFINITION



Mr. Newpope—What is a bore, anyway?
Mr. Oldpope—A man who tells you the smart things his baby boy said, when you want to tell him the smart things you said.

NO TALK



Prospective Patient—Do you give gas here?
The Dentist—No, you have to pay extra for it. This isn't a barber shop.

THE DIFFERENCE



Evelyn—Well, marriage is a lottery after all.
George—You're right. Only in a lottery if you win, you win. That ends it. While if you win in marriage, you never get through paying the mill-hoers' bills.

No Description.

She—You told me at the seaside that you were in business for yourself, and I find you a clerk in a store.
He—I was in business for myself last summer. I peddled suspenders.—New York Weekly.

Sick People.

The sick and ailing find relief by sending for a free copy of Dr. Humphrey's Manual of all diseases and their treatment with Humphrey's Remedies for men, women and children, from sprue to gout, from colic to bladder troubles, from poverty to change of life. This valuable Medical Book sent prepaid on request. Address: Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co., 156 William Street, New York.



Yes, Wake Up! See Things! Act!

A \$20,000 a year efficiency engineer would turn this old town inside-out and may be it wouldn't be as good as it is now at that.

But he'd do things.
We must get a hump on, buckle down to the job of booming, get our united shoulders to the wheel and push.

If we do it with a punch we'll succeed better than a dozen efficiency engineers.
We can do these things:
Start a live improvement organization.
Clean up our town fifty-two weeks in the year.
Spend our money here and cut out seductive mail order temptations.
Patrol the parcel post.
Work for a new station or a new park or some other definite town improvement.

Invite our friends here and boost and talk and write about the home place all the time.

Get a Move On!

Dr. Burnham's San-Jak Vegetable Compound

Is the Greatest Known cure for Heart Trouble

Correct Dyscrasia in the blood and body fluids or an unequal Mixture of the Elements of the Blood and Nerve Juices or a Distemperature when some Humor or Quality Abounds in the Blood. Symptoms are Throat Disease, Eczema, Scrofula and Pus Formations in the Tissues, Skin and Vital Organs.

You Can Be Free

From Kidney and Bladder Trouble, Rheumatism, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Old Age or Tired Feelings, Throat, Stomach and Bowel Troubles by its use or money refunded.

San-Jak

Is the greatest rectifier for the blood and skin yet known. Greasy skin with pimples, blotches, eruptions or scrofula easily cleared away. Its use leaves the blood and skin as pure as lilies. SAN-JAK for the stomach, nerves and blood is the best the world ever saw. You can feel well and active at any age from 60 to 90 years. Man should die of old age, not from disease or diseased tissue. \$1.00 per bottle. Get SAN-JAK at

A. M. Lewis' Drug Store Grayling, Mich.

Read the Avalanche for all the News

Best Cough Remedy for Children.

"Three years ago when I was living in Pittsburg one of my children had a hard cold and coughed dreadfully. Upon the advice of a druggist I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it brought him at once. I find it the best cough medicine for children because it is pleasant to take. They do not object to taking it," writes Mrs. Lafayette Tuck, Homer City, Pa. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic, and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult. Sold by all dealers. Adv.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

Lois T. Webster,

Complainant,

vs.

Van R. Elliot, John B. McLeod and E. E. Wightman,

Defendants.

34th Judicial Circuit, In Chancery.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Crawford, in Chancery, at Grayling village on the sixth day of October, A. D. 1914.

In this cause, it appearing by the return of the Sheriff of said County to the Subpoena issued herein and by the affidavits of Lois T. Webster, said complainant and Geo. L. Alexander, her Solicitor herein, that a subpoena to appear and answer has been duly issued in this cause and could not be served upon said defendants, John B. McLeod and E. E. Wightman or upon either of them, for the reason that said defendants, McLeod and Wightman, or either of them are not residents of this State and that it can not be ascertained in what state or country said defendants, McLeod and Wightman or either of them now reside:

On motion of Geo. L. Alexander, Esq., solicitor for complainant, it is ordered that the appearance of the said defendants John B. McLeod and E. E. Wightman be entered into this cause within five months from the date of this order; and that in case of their appearance, or the appearance of either of them, they, or the one appearing, cause their or his answer to the bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof served upon the solicitor for the complainant within fifteen days after service upon him or them or his or their solicitor of a copy of said bill, and in default thereof that said bill be taken as confessed by the said defendants, John B. McLeod and E. E. Wightman.

And it is further ordered, that the said complainant cause this order to be published in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be commenced within twenty days from the date of this order, and that such publication be continued therein once each week for six weeks in succession, or that the said complainant cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said defendants John B. McLeod and E. E. Wightman at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for their appearance.

OSCAR PALMER,

Circuit Court Commissioner in and for Crawford County, Michigan.

GEO. L. ALEXANDER,

Complainant's Solicitor.

10-8-7.

NOTICE.

To the owner or owners of any and all interests in or liens upon the land herein described:

Take notice that sale has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and that the undersigned has title thereto under tax deed or deeds issued therefor, and that you are entitled to a conveyance thereof at any time within six months after return of service of this notice, upon payment to the undersigned or to the Register in Chancery of the County in which the lands lie, of all sums paid upon such purchase, together with one hundred percent additional at any time within six months after return of service of this notice, upon payment to the undersigned or to the Register in Chancery of the County in which the lands lie, of all sums paid upon such purchase, together with one hundred percent additional at any time within six months after return of service of this notice, upon payment to the undersigned or to the Register in Chancery of the County in which the lands lie, of all sums paid upon such purchase, together with one hundred percent additional at 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